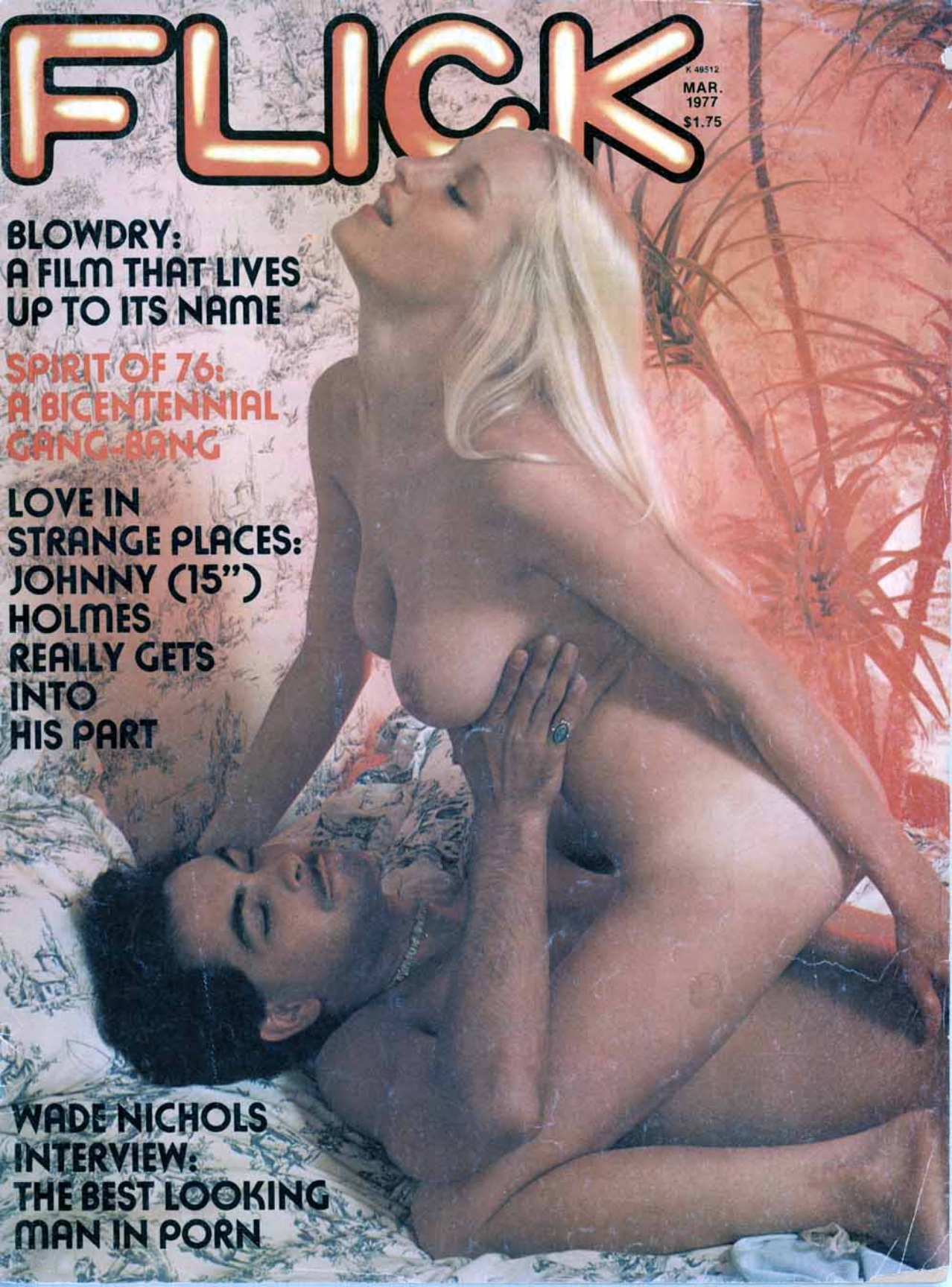


FLICK



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**BLOWDRY:
A FILM THAT LIVES
UP TO ITS NAME**

**SPIRIT OF 76:
A BICENTENNIAL
GANG-BANG**

**LOVE IN
STRANGE PLACES:
JOHNNY (15")
HOLMES
REALLY GETS
INTO
HIS PART**

**WADE NICHOLS
INTERVIEW:
THE BEST LOOKING
MAN IN PORN**

WE QUIT!

Because of recent court decisions, we're throwing in the towel... **closing out ALL our inventory.** Our bulging warehouse is loaded with \$1,250,000.00 worth of sexually oriented merchandise which we are offering at **85% to 90% off the list price.** There are **no gimmicks, no catches, no tricks.** This merchandise consists of items we bought for future mailings. It's **all NEW, 1st QUALITY** and **UP-TO-DATE,** and it must be disposed of immediately, because we are closing this company forever! Here's your chance to get sexually oriented books, magazines, films, novelties, electric gadgets, etc., at below wholesale prices.

NO GIMMICKS AND NO CATCHES Just an incredible film offer you won't be able to refuse... even if you don't own a projector

SUPERSTARS OF PORNO IN BIG SCREEN FILMS

OFFER A

Sensational porno films like **DEEP THROAT** and **THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES** cost \$5 and up just to see once! Now, for **less than a single theater admission** you can own a full-length film with the **same superstar** performing every imaginable sex act for your **private** enjoyment. Not one, but **eight films** so controversial that we are not permitted to name them in advertising.

We have had to change the titles, but the first time you see these films you will understand why. You won't continue to pay \$5 or more for a single movie ticket when you can own a film for the **same price** and watch a **top hardcore porno star** perform sexually at your command... as many times and as often as you like!

MONEY BACK PROTECTION

Because there are no other films that could compare with these, we **WILL NOT** make substitutions, we **WILL NOT** issue credits. If your order arrives too late to be filled, we will simply refund your money!

No. 1 TALENTED TONGUE

If you have seen **DEEP THROAT** you'll recognize this star instantly. Watch her now, nude and more passionate than ever, perform for you privately, doing things with men that have made her the queen of hardcore. If one of her acts turns you on... stop the action and play it again. You can't do that when you watch in the theater!

No. 2 BIG RAPE OFF

He gets her into a room and she beats and tears at him as he rips off her panties, pushes her skirt up over her breasts and forces himself between her legs. Do her frantic hip movements change from panic to ecstasy as he presses her? Judge for yourself in this super-realistic film!

No. 3 LEZ BE FRIENDS

Watch as the tortured girl's wild, sexual cravings inflame the nurse. The patient's fingers frantically caress her body until, in vividly photographed scenes, the young girl is finally calmed by her own climax at her nurse's skilled, loving hands.

No. 4 THE DEVIL IN HER

He tears off her blouse and bra until, her passions aroused, she tries to help him gain his love-god. His frenzied thrusts and her groans are overheard by her mom & dad, and their sexual climax leads to a surprise ending.

Remember, these are not the usual cheapie, badly lit, poorly shot films that are often sold for \$25 or more! These are full feature 8mm films made directly from the 16mm theater-class motion picture film and are made available to you for only \$4.99 each. **But you must act now!**

No. 5 CLITS AND DICKS

A new, young model is taught every kind of sex by two virile males and her voluptuous girlfriend. At first she seals her lips tight. Then the other girl shows her how, and in a sexual feast you'll want to replay many times, her eager, moist lips show she has learned her lessons well.

No. 6 WET, HOT AND HORNY

The wedding night and the groom is nervous. She's waited so long that she casts aside all shame and bares her full, luscious body to him. He is startled, then aroused as she bares his manhood with trembling fingers and offers him her maidenhead.

No. 7 LEZ LESSON

Threatened with death, the terrified bride is forced to perform on the sex-starved gunman. But the wife becomes aroused and the gun is thrown aside as a close-up sequence shows how lovers parting silky female hair send the two women into writhing ecstasies of lesbian love.

No. 8 DR. BLACK JACK

The sex-driven, mentally disturbed girl has masturbation problems that the Richard Roundtree type psychiatrist tries to solve. She uses her hot lust to break his professional calm. The doctor-patient love scenes top anything yet filmed!

We don't want anyone left out of our **RARE** film offer, so if you don't own a **PROJECTOR**...

We have contracted with a well-known manufacturer to offer you this \$24.95 200-ft. viewer at our wholesale cost of only \$15... **IF** you purchase at least one reel of film. And despite the low cost, we will offer you a **90-day unconditional guarantee** on this precision machine that features an adjustable focus eye piece, nearly automatic 15-second threading, and a large, bright image. **Added bonus:** You can also use it on super-8mm film!



Special Rush Order Form

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$3 to cover additional postage & handling only.

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☐ Talented Tongue	\$4.99	☐ Clits & Dicks	\$4.99
☐ Big Rape Off	\$4.99	☐ Wet, Hot & Horny	\$4.99
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☐ The Devil In Her	\$4.99	☐ Dr. Black Jack	\$4.99

☐ I'm smart. Send me all 8 films \$29.95

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☐ I've ordered at least one film. Send viewer also \$15.00
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OFFER C

☐ \$120 to \$200 value grab bag (gigantic box) \$10.88

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☐ Send me the book grab bag (at least 20 books) \$12.00

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You must send \$1 for postage & handling on all Film and Viewer orders, \$2 on all Grab Bag or Extra Big Savings orders.

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Would you give us \$5.74 for \$60 to \$100 worth of sexually oriented adult merchandise? Of course you would! That's right, since everything must go fast, we'll load an **extra large box** to its bursting point and guarantee sexually oriented merchandise valued to \$100... first come, first served! Orders will consist of photo books, novels, case histories, oral copulators, unique French ticklers, marital aids, photos, magazines, vibrators, vaginas, penis extensions, etc. Since this is a true grab bag, not every box will be the same — but you'll sure get the value. **All for only \$5.74.**

OFFER C

Same as Offer B... except the box will be **gigantic**, and we guarantee \$120 to \$200 worth of sexually oriented adult merchandise **PLUS** an extra surprise bonus absolutely **FREE**... **All for only \$10.88.**

OFFER D

Books... all the books you want to read... very adult... very sexy... very spicy! They're all here in this unbelievable grab-bag offer that contains everything from fiction to sex education and explicit case histories. A fabulous buy at a fraction of the original cost. You'll get at least 20 different books... **All for only \$12.00.**

EXTRA BIG SAVINGS
 Save even more money...
 buy all 8 films plus 3 grab bags — a total of \$68.27
 — for only \$50.00.

FLICK

CONTENTS

VOL. 2 NO. 2

MARCH 1977

PORN AROUND THE WORLD	4
EROTIC TOYS	8
INTERVIEW: WADE NICHOLS	12
ANNIE SPRINKLES ADVICE	16
SPIRIT OF 76	18
DENTAL PROBES	22
LOVE IN STRANGE PLACES	24
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS	30
STARLET OF THE ISSUE	32
CONFESSIONS OF AN OLDER WOMAN	38
BLOWDRY	40
DOUBLE EXPOSURE	48
EXERCISE CLASS	52



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PORN AROUND THE WORLD

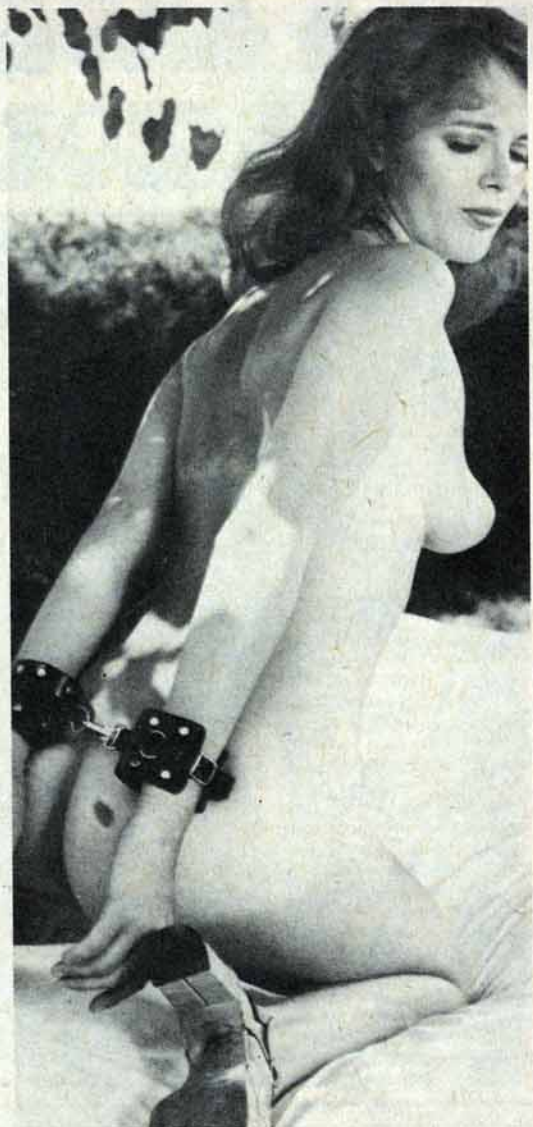
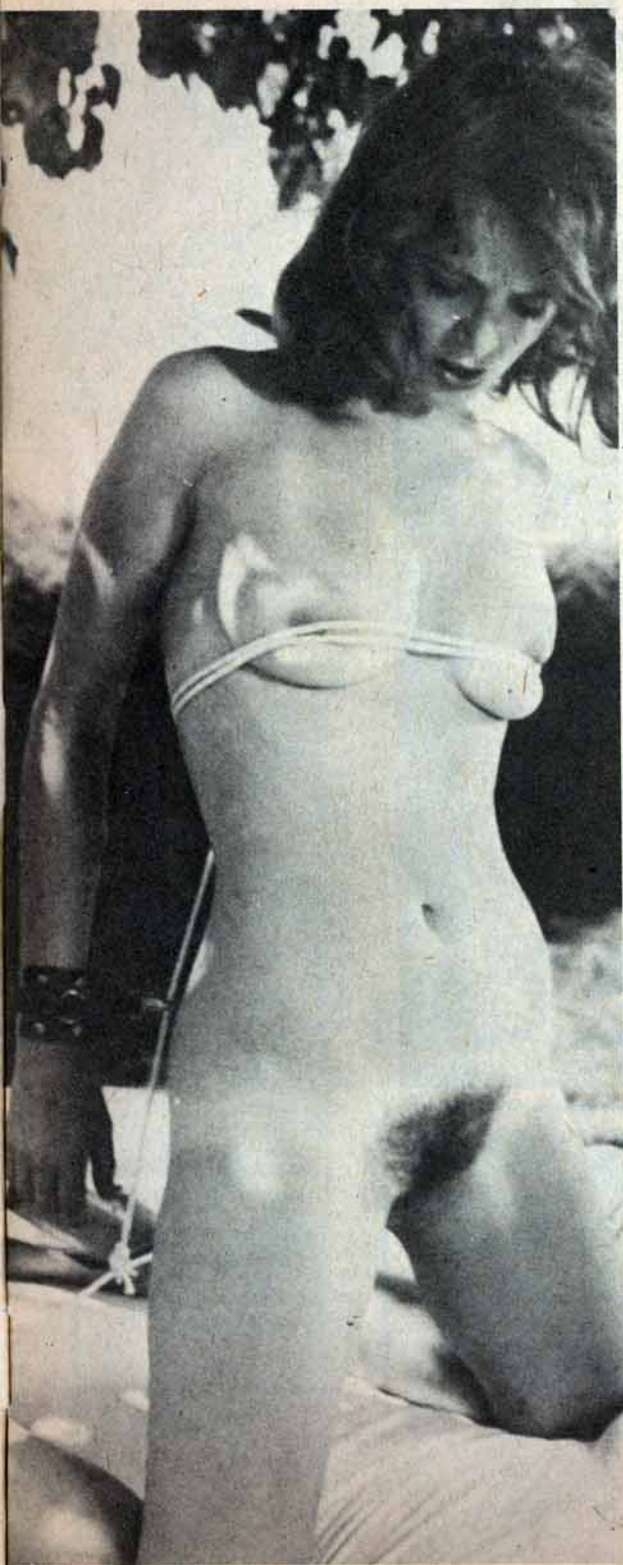


SCANDINAVIA: Brigitte Maier, not one to mince words or actions, readily admits that the girl in the early magazine "Twin Bondage" is her. Of course we'd know that body anywhere, even with cord twined tight across her boobs, her mouth gagged, and her wrists manacled to her legs. There are about two dozen fine shots of Brigitte in bondage, enjoying her scenes: in bra and panties and tied to a tree, bent over with her rump in the air, forced to bend over backwards with rope tied from foot to neck.

Although Brigitte has tried to shove two fat cocks up her ass at the same time, she loves the thought of dogs licking between her legs, and digs fuck and suck. "Having a real male chavínist penetrating me rough," the lady does have a sincere interest in bondage. To quote: "Recently, I went to see a stage show in which a prostitute gets beaten severely by a pimp. I couldn't shake her being thrashed from my mind. It excited me, no end. I thought, 'Wow, you can get beat real fine, and why not, since it doesn't last very long and you end up having quite an experience.'"

So whether in bondage or in cocksucking, "I just love to feel meat deep down in my throat"; or in assfucking, "I sensed getting two dicks shoved up my ass was real freaky," Brigitte Maier gives her all. All the way.



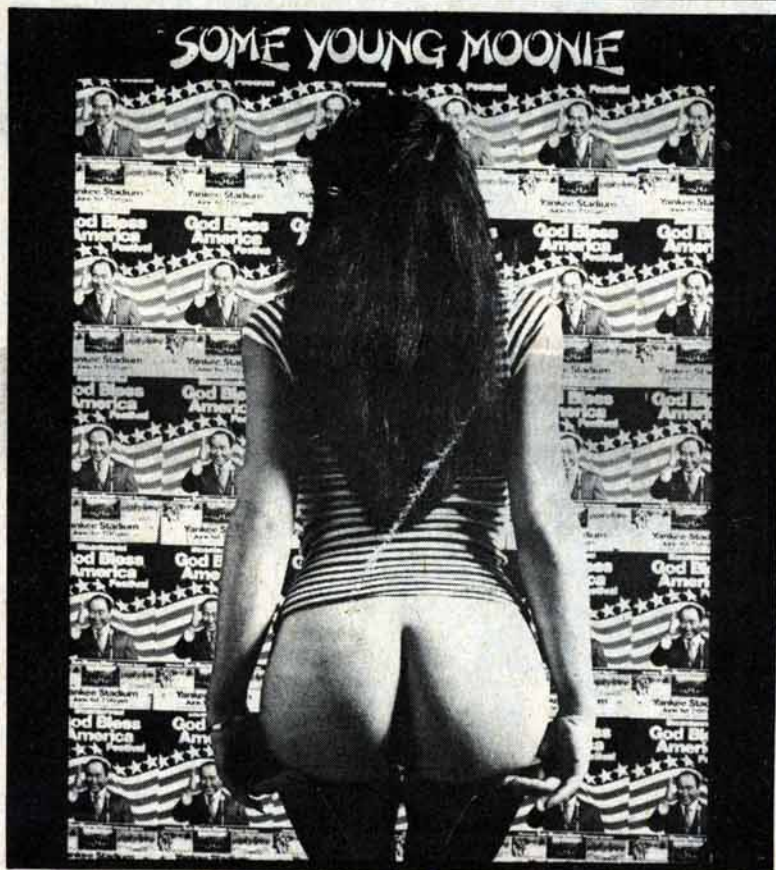


PORN AROUND THE WORLD



Coming to this country soon:

India's renowned "Bombay Bimbos," the Precision Heel Masturbating Team."



NEW YORK, NEW YORK:

Someone has really come up with a solution to combat the multitude of preposterous posters that the followers of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon paste up profusely in every town they invade. It seems you can hardly walk down a street anymore without seeing Moon's fat face glaring at you from all sides. These obnoxious posters are put up by the "Reverend's" pushy, brain-washed robots called "Moonies," who, when not passing their hearts out, espouse upon their savior's (Moon's, not Jesus') path to salvation.

Now, with this "Some Young Moonie" poster (\$2 from Free Flight Company, 146 West 80th St., New York, N.Y. 10024), you can show your contempt for Moon and his "lemmings." These posters can be pasted right over the Moon posters, or better yet, right beside them. Of course, if you don't give a shit about Moon, this is still certainly a sweet piece of ass to paste on your own wall . . . strictly for decoration, naturally!

HOUSTON, Texas:—A common sight at the First World Convention of Tattoo Artists and Fans is a camera viewfinder being put to good use. Here a fan closes in on the tattoo of New Yorker Pat Gaetani.



ENGLAND: "The setting: an English garden. Enter a beautiful model and a top photographer. Their assignment: to combine their talents and produce a glamorous picture."

So begins an article in England's sensational newspaper *The Daily Mirror*. With articles on violent crime and topless cheesecake shots, it's no wonder that their circulation is growing higher each week in Great Britain's war of the newspapers.

"Just as the photographer captured her loveliness in full flower—she finally turned over a new leaf and posed in the style to which pin-up fans are accustomed." And what's next, crotch shots in the *Sunday Times*?



THAILAND: A young couple were fined \$10 for kissing each other in a movie theater in Bangkok. It's part of a new law, which forbids such carrying-on in

theaters in attempt "to maintain hygiene." Fines can go higher for a second offense, or depending on just where the couple are kissing.



Is this Linda Lovelace? Scenes from the 8mm flick "Dogfucker."

ENGLAND: The trial of the cocksucking saga "Inside Linda Lovelace" is over, but the taste lingers on. Although the book has been found not obscene by the jury of nine men and three women, some shops are still getting hassled by folks who don't love Linda.

The court case yielded some startling statements. In the book, Linda described her technique thusly: "I lie with my head hanging over the edge of the mattress while he sticks his prick in my mouth." The prosecutor declared that this and other throatfucking acts "could be deadly if tried by the inexperienced." When it came to deadly danger, the defense lawyer said, "Inside Linda Lovelace is not a dangerous book like those works of the late Agatha Christie, which deal with poison and sudden death."

Someone brought up the question of Linda's exercises in dogfucking, but in the book the lady denies that those two 8mm films, "Dogfucker" and "She Practices on a Dog," are really her. The person with the bald beaver and thirst for dog cum sure looks a lot like her, though, but her in-print denial quashed the case.



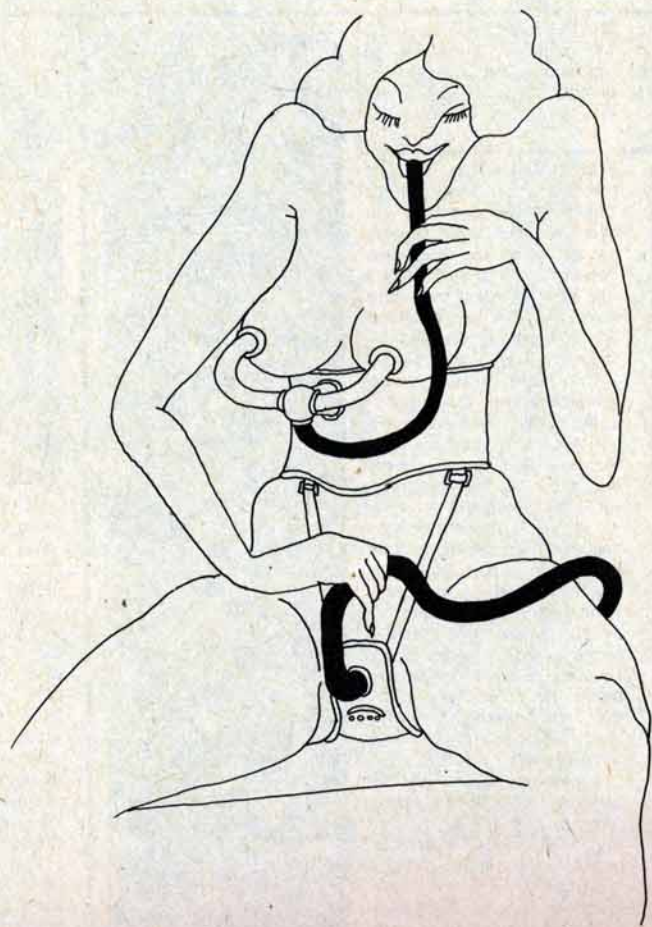
3-Legged soccer player got X-tra kick out of the game

THREE-LEGGED MAN

It's true—Francesco A. Lentini was a medical phenomenon as he was born with an extra limb growing from his buttocks. Born in Sicily in 1889, Lentini was able to walk and run on all three legs until the age of 6, at which time his two normal legs began to outgrow the third.

When Lentini was a mature adult, his extra leg was 3 inches short of the ground. Nevertheless, Lentini could still move it independently of the other two legs, and it was sufficiently strong and coordinated enough to kick a soccer ball.

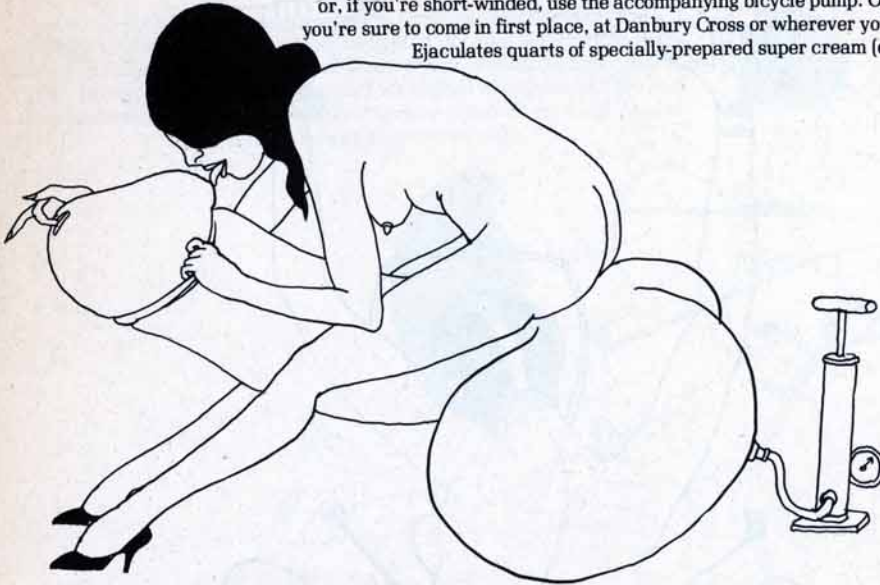
THOSE DARING YOUNG DICKS (and DYKES!) ON THEIR FUCKING MACHINES



**A compendium of contraptions the likes of which your ogling
orbs have never seen!**

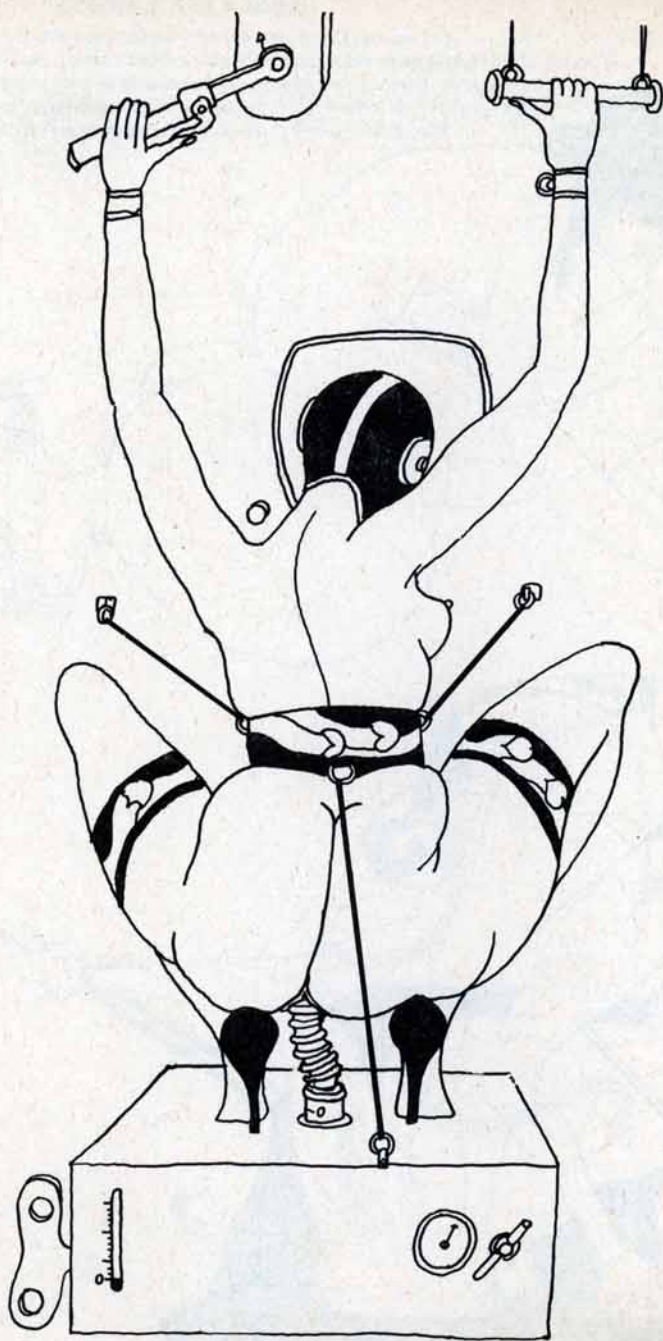
RIDE-A-COCK-HORSE

to Danbury Cross, or wherever the fuck you want! You haven't lived until you've ridden our inflatable rubber rimmer. Blow your head off on it, or, if you're short-winded, use the accompanying bicycle pump. Once it's up and in, you're sure to come in first place, at Danbury Cross or wherever your cum comes from. Ejaculates quarts of specially-prepared super cream (extra!)



SHIT-CATCHER IN THE RYE

or on pumpernickel, whole wheat, enriched white, or whatever brand of bread you want to break with her. This super sexcycle is manually-operated, allowing for maximum bowel movement and minimum risk of strangulation. Eat as much or as little as you like with this all-you-can-eat exerciser. Player on the bottom can be reamed or rimmed by strategically-placed rod, while giving head to hollow-reeded mouth rod. Comes complete with one quart of quality-controlled chocolate shit. (Bread extra!)

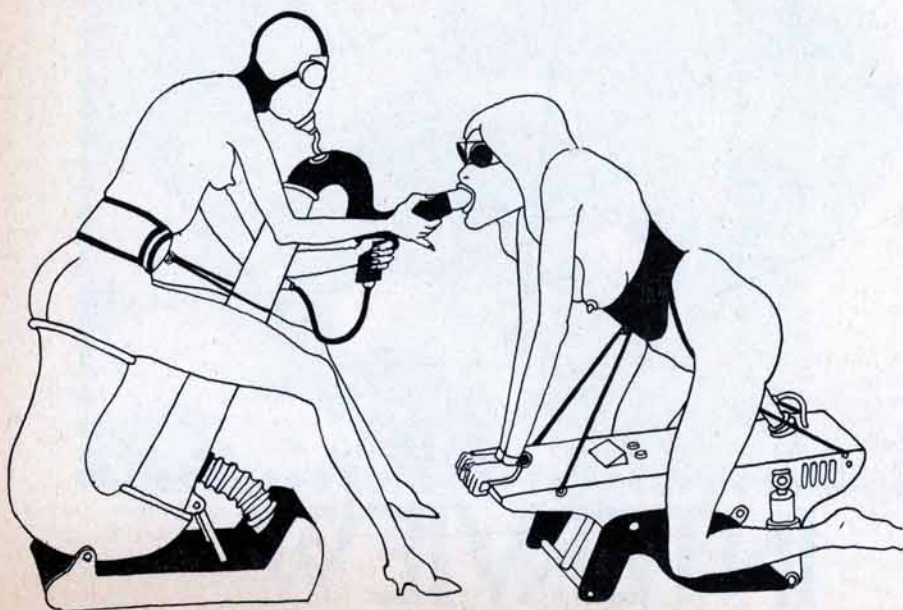
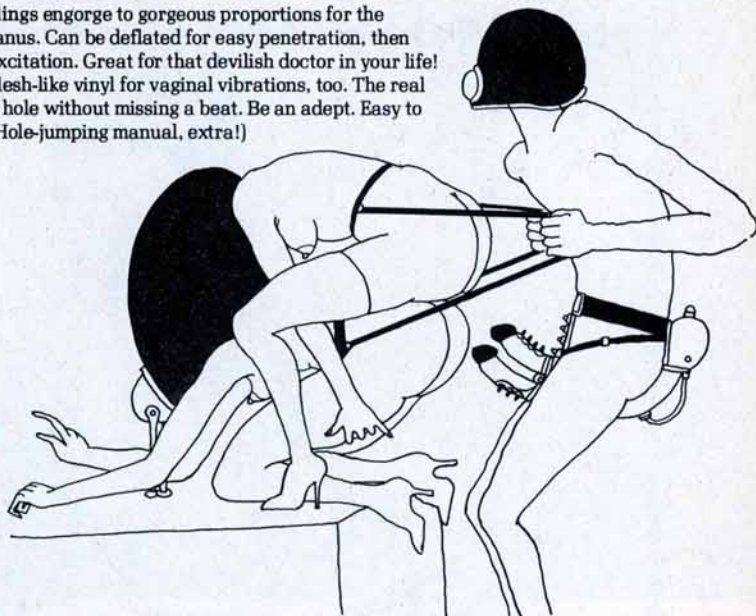


THE BED BUGGER

Excited assholes will surely shit over this erotic erector set. Has pliable-ribbed, real rubber rimmer that refuses to say die. Manually-operated with alarm-triggered timer in case you want to record your record-breaking minutes (or hours) of stopless pleasure. Listen to far-out farts in super salsa rhythms as your own sauce slurps in stereophonic sound. (Headphones extra!)

DUELING DILDOS

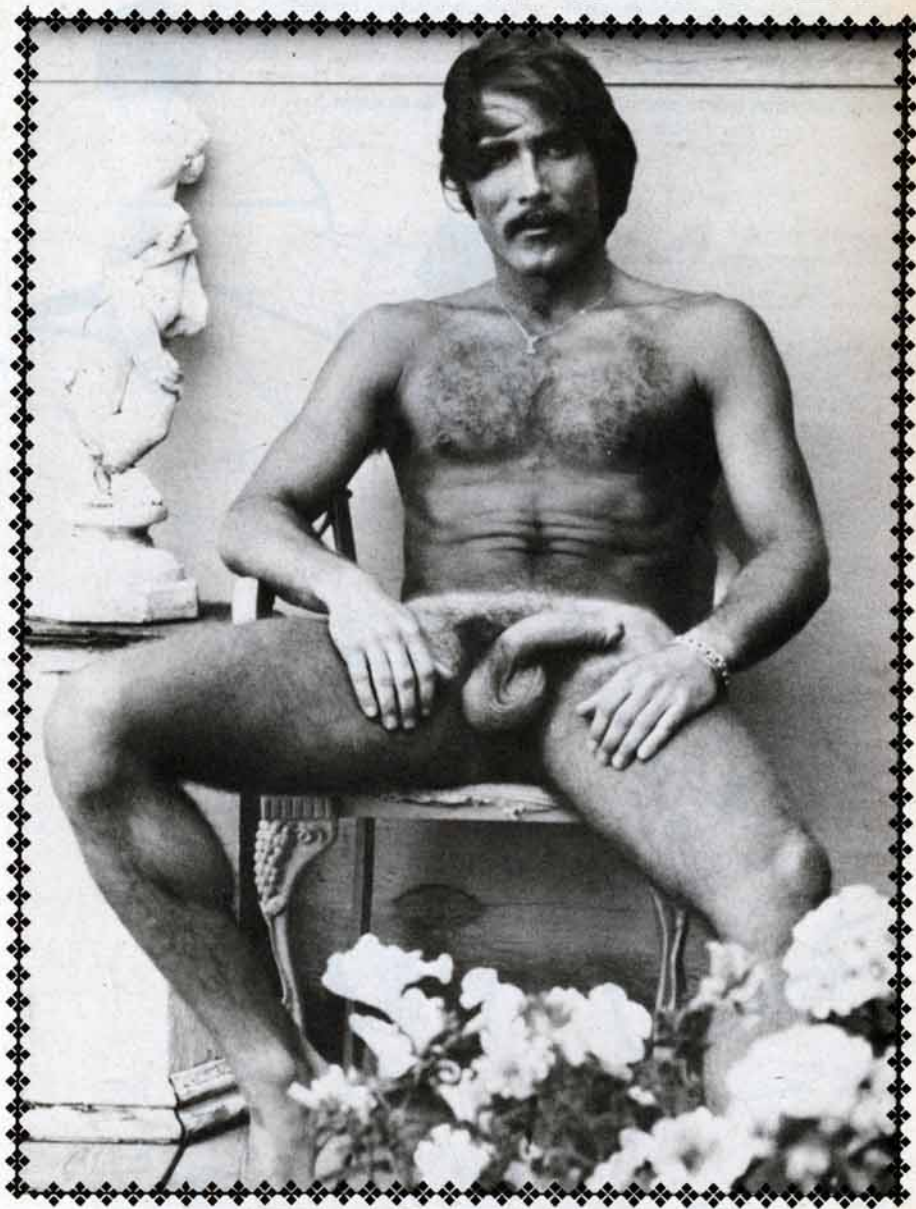
Battery-operated dingalings engorge to gorgeous proportions for the absolute in assessing any anus. Can be deflated for easy penetration, then pumped up for proctoscopic excitation. Great for that devilish doctor in your life! Prickly prongs are made of flesh-like vinyl for vaginal vibrations, too. The real adept can jump from hole to hole without missing a beat. Be an adept. Easy to learn. (Hole-jumping manual, extra!)



FIRE-A-FART

Fire a fart in tune to the tempo of her twat. Super-stud sexophone will blow her mind while the penetrating prick punches out her pud. Musicians especially groove on this dual-rhythmed dildo. Sexophone bellow-action is manual; penetrating prick, battery-operated. Comes equipped with multi-size mouthpieces. (Real stinko-farts, extra!)

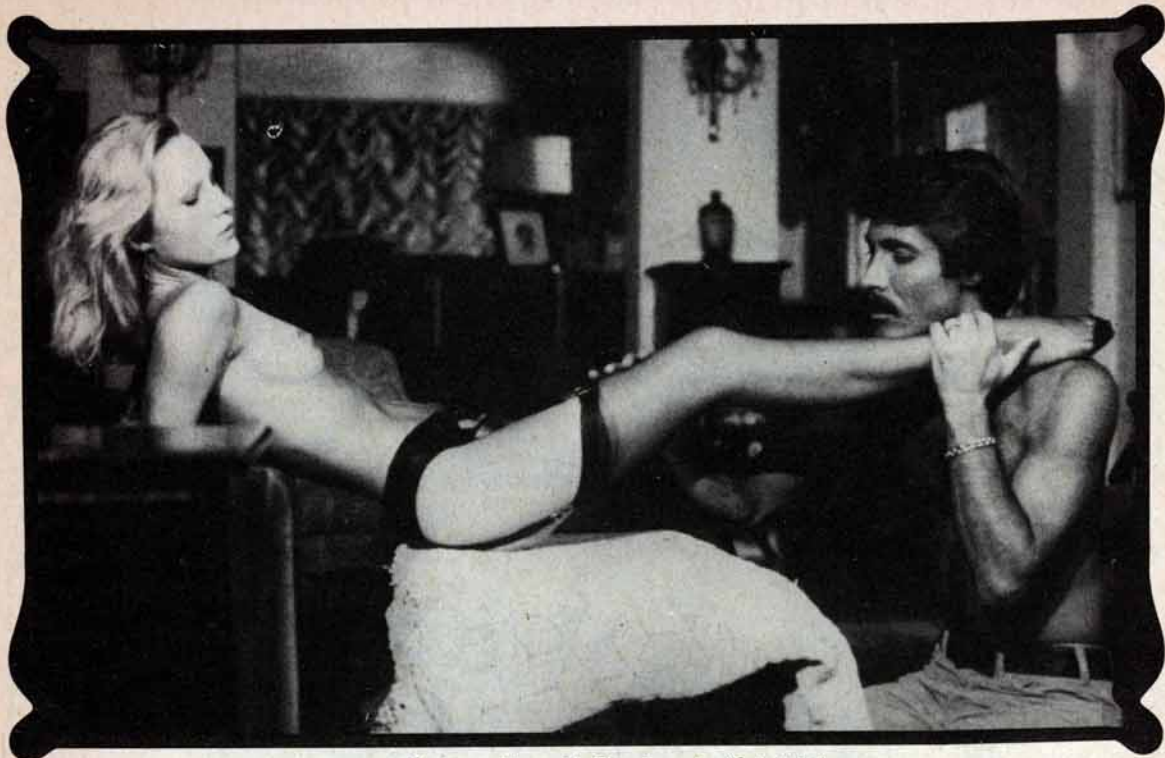
WADE NICHOLS



INTERVIEW

BY "JARA"

He is the handsomest
and loveliest man in porn today. One look from his eyes
is enough to make
a girl tremble . . . his body is super-fine and he possesses
a cock that won't say no!



Wade working with Tina Lynn in "Jail Bait."

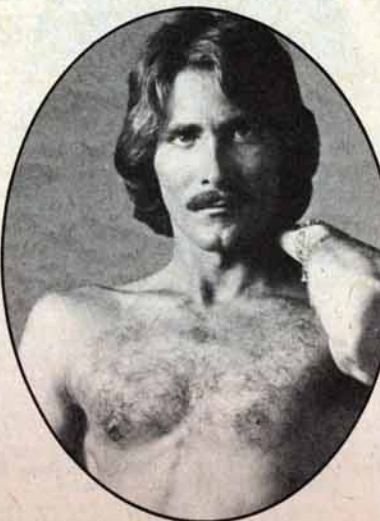
■ I'm not sure if the juices started flowing between my legs first, or my eyeballs popped right out of my head. I'm not even sure whether I heard myself saying, "Wow—you really are gorgeous!" All I know is that the minute I walked into Wade Nichols' living room, I'd bought it. I was going to find out for real what made this man so special in the sack. I knew it as sure as I could feel my cunt twitching.

For the sake of my reputation and career, I went about the business of the "interview" for a while. Wade's deep, well-trained theatrical voice went through me like tremors passing through beds of lava during a volcanic eruption. I heard him say something—"I love jazz and have a huge collection of early jazz, especially 1922-1931"—and could hardly wait to hear some of his records as he rose to play them for me.

His body undulated towards the expensive stereo system, his hips gyrating to the music and seemingly playing havoc with my temperature system.

Wade's greenish eyes bore into mine as he spoke of his life as a legitimate actor in off-off Broadway shows and some small parts in minor movies. His desire to stay in the business coupled with a need for money sent him into the porno world. He went from "loops" (15 minute quickies shown on 42nd Street for 25 cents), where he was paid as little as \$25 a day, to the successful star he is

**... I like working
with women, especially aroused
and sexual women
I love satisfying
lust ... in both of us!**



today. Wade's income has risen to about \$300 a day, and although he works as long as 20 hours a day, he's still "in the business" and loves every minute of it.

Contrary to belief, there is very little screwing around within the circle of the stars. "If I make it with my leading lady at night, I'll be bored with her the next day. We can't let that happen," Wade told me, eyeing me hotly. "I need diversion—I tend to get bored with my women."

I leaned forward suggestively asking, "What keeps you from getting bored?" and with that I began unbuttoning the few buttons still closed on my blouse.

By then, Wade's hands were down my already open jeans. He didn't need much of a hint to realize that I was ready, willing and able.

"Well, for 10 years I've been managing to keep it up in front of the camera, so I guess I don't get too bored," he told me, his mouth groping for my left nipple.

Believe it or not, he kept feeding me information as he continued licking my tits and undressing both of us at the same time. Wade Nichols proved to be not only a fabulous lover, but very adept at doing a lot of things at once.

How I heard what he was saying is beyond me, but I managed to take in a lot of information as he played with my clit and proved to both of us that my twat was a raging sea of juices and heat.

"You know, baby," he was crooning in



A man who really gets into his work!

my ear, his hard-as-a-rock cock pulsating in my hands. "I sometimes have to use my imagination to get a hard-on. I think of asses, 'cause I love rounded shapes and curves, but now I don't have to think of a thing. Your hot cunt is enough to send me spiralling to hard and heavy heaven."

"What else turns you on?" I managed to query, as I began licking his cock-head with my tongue and lips. "No teasing, baby, no licking. If you're going to suck, then suck. Just get to it," he murmured, taking my clit in his mouth.

I remembered what he said he liked, and went slow and soft on the down-stroke, hard and tight on the up-stroke. I got a lot of suction going in my mouth as I recalled his gorgeous voice telling me, "Suction baby, suction—that's the way."

I must have been doing something right, really deep throating it like he wanted, because he was growing bigger and bigger inside my mouth, and I was getting hotter and hotter. Here I was a little old porno writer, sucking off Wade Nichols, the great big porno star, and he was loving every minute of it. Needless to say, I was off in another world, coming every 10 seconds as his tongue explored my cuntlips and clit.



**Working in porn is fun...
I get to have beautiful women
and get paid well for it...
What a life for a stud!**

Much relieved and feeling a lot cooler, we were both able to get back to the job at hand. His cum still salty in my mouth, I asked, "Who is the real man behind this fabulous body, cock and face?"

This is what I learnt from his brief reply: Wade Nichols is quite a man. He is sensitive, warm and loving. He really cares about people and things. He loves biking and the outdoors. He loves camping out and making love with nature. He loves fucking on his motorcycle and being spontaneous. Even when he's filming, his fuck scenes are mostly spontaneous.

"If the director wants a sex scene, he just tells us what to include, like sucking and stuff, but then he let's us go at it ourselves. This way it's more natural."

Yes, he uses his mind to give himself erections, but some of the girls do turn him on. "We're more like a family though. We're really good friends and we stick together a lot. Like I said, we don't date that much, and I rarely go out with anyone in the business. It gets too boring."

When asked about special things in films, he said, "There's really nothing special—there's all the regular stuff and

(Continued on page 54)

female masturbation

an in-depth study of
Auto Eroticism.

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Platinum Playmate: This stunning, sensuous blonde begins with 2 supple fingers probing her pink pussy & clit. Then, while gyrating a 7" vibrator into her anus, she sinks a 10" vibrator into her wet vagina.

FILM #F-600

PHOTOPAK #P-600



Beverly Hills High: She's rich, spoiled, gorgeous, & starved for writhing sex! After her pussy's hot & wet, she plunges in a 10" vibrator to the hilt. Still unsatisfied, she uses her father's golf trophy for a dildo!

FILM #F-601

PHOTOPAK #P-601



Adolescent Angel: Young Kathi's sexuality awakens in her luscious, virginal body. She rubs her clit & presses her fingers into her tight hole, then climaxes with a vibrator in her juice-filled pussy!

FILM #F-602

PHOTOPAK #P-602



Wet Dream: A long, lean, curvaceous beauty... in heat! Her sensuous legs spread wide as her fingers sink into her hot hole. Then she raises her ass up high & pushes her vibrator in & out of her juicy pussy!

FILM #F-603

PHOTOPAK #P-603



Vacuum Vixen: With 3 fingers in her pussy, she licks her nipples with her 4 1/2" long tongue! Then she turns on with a vacuum cleaner, using various attachments on her breasts, and then in her hot vaginal!

FILM #F-604

PHOTOPAK #P-604



Penthouse Piece: She has taste, class, & sensuous, feline beauty. She tenderly caresses her silken flesh, spreads her vaginal lips & strokes her taut clit. Her fingers then slide in & out of her wet pussy!

FILM #F-605

PHOTOPAK #P-605



Sticky Fingers: This babe is hot & horny! To aid her fantasies, she masturbates with a bottle, a pot handle, roasting fork, whisk, even a steel ball... all to satisfy her hungry glistening vaginal!

FILM #F-606

PHOTOPAK #P-606



Piston Action: She has a magnificent body & face. She squeezes, teases her huge, firm breasts as her pussy gets wet. Then she inserts 4 fingers, before using a giant 10" vibrator with blurring speed!

FILM #F-607

PHOTOPAK #P-607

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 (The number over your Name)

I declare that I am an adult having 18 years of age or over. I agree to receive sexually oriented advertisements and authorize you and affiliated companies to make such advertisements unless and until I notify you in writing to stop sending me such advertisements. I prefer to receive these advertisements on adult channels, rather than having them sent. (Sexually Oriented Ad) or any similar information appears on the outside envelope. I am requesting you to return the sexually oriented material for my private use in my home and not sell, rent, or transfer the material to anyone. I warrant that I am an adult having 18 years of age or over. I agree to receive sexually oriented advertisements. In the event I am under 18 years of age, I agree to notify you in writing within 30 days requesting you to remove my name from your list.

Signature: Age:
 Print Your Name:
 Address:
 City: State: Zip:

Annie Sprinkles Advice

Flick's resident sex expert
has done it all . . . at
least twice and is not
hesitant to talk about it!



By Annie Sprinkle

Dear Annie Sprinkle,

A friend of mine once said something about a "plate job." I didn't want to sound naive and ask him what it was, so I'm asking you. What the hell is a PLATE JOB???

Signed, Naive

Dear Naive,

A plate job is when a person lies down on his or her back and holds a clear glass plate over their face. Then another person stoops over the plate and shits on it, the purpose being to sexually excite both parties. What else can I say?

Dear Annie,

I am a dentist with a successful practice in New Jersey. My dental assistant of 8 years just moved to Utah so

I had to hire a new girl. She is a good assistant but she has created quite a problem for me. About 23 years old, very shapely, tall and blonde, she gave me a big fat hard-on the moment I saw her.

She was working for me about a week when one night we had to work late together developing X-rays. After we had finished our work she asked me if she could try some of the nitrous oxide (laughing gas) that I keep for my patients, as she was curious to see what it was like.

I positioned the cushion dental chair into a reclined position so she could lie back and enjoy her experiment. I turned the machine on high and sat down beside her. Within 60 seconds she broke out with the biggest, sweetest grin I'd ever seen. I asked her how she felt. She said very light-headed and her whole body

was tingling. When she was good and stoned, I reached over to her thigh and started to knead the firm flesh. "How does that feel?" She giggled and without breaking her smile answered, "Too good, you better stop." I couldn't bring myself to stop, and she was much too high to stop me.

Instead I moved up to her thigh and rhythmically rubbed the crotch of her silk panties. She didn't resist and I could tell by the moistness soaking through her underwear that she really didn't want me to stop. I pulled the crotch of her panties to one side and slowly inserted my finger into her hot hole, at which point she let out a loud ecstatic moan. She was so gorgeous and felt so good that I almost creamed in my pants. I pulled up her little white uniform, slid off her panties, put my mouth to her creamy slit and

worked her over with my eager tongue. In between moans and groans she would kind of giggle, saying, "I can't believe how good that feels, I never felt anything like it, I'm so high, I'm soooo hot." All of a sudden she came like I've never seen a woman come before, raising her cunt high above her head, then flopping back down completely limp. She just lay there, her eyes glossy, as if she were in another world. I stripped off my pants, crawled between her legs and nailed her with my very hard and erect dick. She was going crazy. I spilled my load inside her and collapsed on top of her. She reached back and turned off the gas.

Our little sessions became part of our daily routine. The problem is that we can't wait until we finish working. As I work on my patients my mind wanders and I can't concentrate on what I am doing. Already I have pulled several of the wrong teeth, cut up patients' gums,



I asked if I could work on the crew and he agreed. I was given the titles of script girl (for a 9 page script), set designer (changing the sheets and bedspreads), CUNtinity (remembering the sex positions for picking up close-ups) and, if necessary, "fluffer" (keeping the male actors' cocks hard with my mouth if the actress' mouth got tired).

A few days later we gathered on the set at 6:30 a.m. and excitement was in the air. I was really thrilled with the whole affair—the big lights and fancy movie cameras.

We knocked off some improvised dialogue scenes and then came the first sex scene. The actors were C.J. Lang and Bobby Astyr. I watched closely how they expertly positioned themselves for the camera, how C.J. licked her lips for the face close-ups and how Bobby cued the cameraman for his cum shot. I wished it was my pussy wrapped around Bobby's beautiful cock.



shoes with 8" spiked heels. My girlfriend, who is a beautiful, voluptuous 5'9" redhead, would look dynamite in them (otherwise completely naked, of course). The problem is that I have looked everywhere, I mean everywhere, for a pair. They are nowhere to be found. Do you have any idea where I could get a pair, or two, or three, if they even exist? Write soon.

Thanks, Alan L.

Dear Alan L.,

True they are hard to find. If you send for a catalog from Unique Imports Ltd., P.O. Box 1460, Studio City, California 91604 you can get them by mail. They have a great selection.

Just a word of advice . . . Don't let your girlfriend go out on the street wearing "opera pumps" or she may get raped. They are extremely sexy, and it sounds like she is, too.



ruined X-rays, etc. I am losing patients. My assistant is making a lot of the same kind of stupid mistakes.

Do you think I should fire her (I would hate to do that), keep losing patients, change occupations or what? I don't know what to do.

S.O.S., D.D.S.

Dear D.D.S.:

Simple. Either come into work an hour early or make an appointment for yourselves in the early afternoon and get the fucking out of your systems. Pulling the wrong tooth can be a bummer for everyone involved. Thank you for your letter. Maybe I should have become a dental assistant after all.

Dear Annie,

I love to see a woman in pointed black

Often people ask me how I got into X-rated films. Well, here it is.

I was 19 years old and had been living in Arizona for almost two years. Tucson was beginning to bore me. I had fucked all the Tucsonians worth fucking at least once, so I decided to move to New York, the city of opportunities.

The only person I knew in the Big Apple was a porno film director. He knew of a film in production and gave me the address thinking I could act in the film and pick up some bucks which I desperately needed for an apartment.

When I got there, the director offered me a large part in a "one day wonder" (one day shooting a full feature film) at \$150.00 plus O.T. I turned it down, not because of the sex, but because I had never acted before and there was a lot of dialogue for the part.

Then came the second sex scene, and the third . . . At 4:00 the next morning, when we finished the twelfth and last sex scene, I was extremely horny and I knew then and there that I wanted to do fuck films. That night (morning) I took the handsome cameraman home to my hotel room to start rehearsing.

The same company was doing a four day shoot the next week. When I found out that the star of the movie was to be THE Harry Reems, I immediately agreed to a part in the film.

I donned my hippy attire—blue jeans, old halter top for a lacy blue negligee, a white garter belt and stockings. I manicured the bottoms of my otherwise bare feet and put on some sexy spiked heeled shoes. I successfully struggled with some false eyelashes and red nail polish.

(Continued on page 55)

Annette Havens, Johnny (15")
Holmes and a lusty cast of
thousands give a blow-by-blow
account of just what our
founding fathers were into!
(Usually good pussy!)

SPIRIT OF '76

Ben Franklin running another experiment in static titties.



A little founding-father head.



■ If you think the recent shenanigans among our elected officials were shocking, you haven't seen anything yet. In fact, our current political leaders might do well to look to our country's founders for sexual guidance. For, according to the producers of this light-hearted, bi-sin-tennial romp, Washington wasn't cutting down any cherry tree—he was getting laid under it!

Turning back the pages of history to our nation's infancy, we see Martha and George, Paul Revere and John Smith as they really were—sex maniacs.

Shot in lustful color and dressed up in authentic costumes of the period are the stars of **The Spirit of Seventy-Sex**: Annette Havens, John Holmes, Tyler Reynolds, Abigale Clayton, John Toland, Radio Ray, Randy Barns, Brit Britain and



Eating some good ol' American pussy pie.

A founding father finding some sweet meat.





*It's my latest invention—you have to try it!
15" of Johnny Wadd is ready for some back-door work.*



*There, there my dear, it will get hard soon!
When the minute-men are away, the girls will play!*



Ebenezer K. Bartholomew—as notable a cast as you could ever hope to have in one motion picture.

This film contains many surprises—facts you aren't likely to find in any history book.

Did you know, for example, that Paul Revere was one hell of a guy who made a habit out of drinking and fucking around? We're told that he used to hang a lantern in the bell tower in church, not to alert the good citizenry that the British were coming, but as a signal to his

Paul Revere was a minute man.

**It took him a minute to get
it up and in and another
minute to come.**



right?

Wrong!

Apparently, they were kept busy most of the time screwing the long pants off of some delightfully attractive wenches—two sisters—who tickled their fancies (and their pricks). And even when the Minutemen weren't around to keep the ladies company, it didn't really matter, because the girls could get into themselves just as easily. Lesbianism? Hell, that's as American as apple pie.

Now, who would ever think that John



girlfriend to meet him either in the woods or down by the harbor.

Then there was Ben Franklin. While everyone else was out fighting a war, he was playing with himself (and his kite, of course). Ben, it seems, was quite a lecher. Why, one time a pretty young girl came to him for advice, and all he could do was pull a vibrator out of his pocket and attack the young damsel in distress.

But, even if Ben Franklin was preoccupied doing other things, we always had the fearless, always-ready-for-battle Minutemen to protect us—



All's well that ends well!

Johnny Holmes sticks his salami deep into a willing and juicy ass . . .

C. Holmes would be given the opportunity to play the part of patriot John Smith? The "Wadd," as he's best known, manages to get his 14-inch dork up some Indian squaw's ass. Boy, has he got a whopper! Maybe Custer died for his sins.

Get out your drum, bugle and fife, and be sure not to miss this hilariously sexy spoof. It's guaranteed to split your sides—and, of course, your pants!

Forward, march. . .

Dental Antics

I placed the gas mask over
her red, soft waiting mouth
and soon she was totally in my power.

By J.S. Jameson

■ As I placed the towel across those lovely tits I felt like I was committing a major sin. God they were gorgeous, rising high out of her round necked T-shirt. The cleavage was so full, folds of skin seemed to roll up from her low neckline and pucker up at me. My imagination was getting away with me so I clipped the towel real tight around her lovely neck and began my examination.

**A horny dentist uses gas
to get his probe deeper
and to clean all her cavities.**

"You'll need some drilling back here darlin', would you like a needle or gas?" With a gorgeous filly like this one in my chair, my heart always dropped a bit when I asked this question. What if she said a needle. All would be lost then, I felt. Or maybe not, maybe I should try doing something on my own for a change. Oh well—"Gas, Dr., of course, I love to laugh and I hate pain."

Her voice was lilting, acting like a signal to my cock. It was already twitching under my heavy white twills. I was grateful for the hip length doctor's coat I always wore. It helped cover the rises and twitches of rocky-cocky.

Gail Dalton, huh. I thought as I looked at her chart, carefully making sure of which tooth to drill. I already knew the

other hole I'd be drilling into, but I was checking the molar for the dental work. As I placed the small plastic mask over her lips, she gestured as in a kiss. The full plum colored, shiny lips were flirting with me, I could tell. It was a signal and I wasn't going to let it go by.

Raising the pressure on the gas indicator, I smiled as I watched Gail's legs spread slightly apart on the leg rest. These chairs were the greatest, like lounge chairs all in one and soft as a bed. She moved toward me, her bright blue eyes looking up at me, her nose and mouth covered with the mask. Her tits were heaving up and down. Even under the towel they looked magnificent. Rock-

**Gail's legs were spread wide
and her slit was dripping and hot
as I got my probe ready for work.**

cock couldn't wait much longer, so I slowly began taking the mask from Gail's face and started drilling the blackened rotten part of her rear right molar. My arms rested on her chest and my elbow moved slowly back and forth as though accidentally. She didn't push me away, so I got a little bolder.

I reached over, clicking on a button, and as I brought my hand back it rested on her right nipple, my fingers stroking it under the towel. Gail was giggling and

squirming, obviously tuned in to my touching her, or was so gassed out she didn't care. I was never sure which, but I'd be sure to find out soon, I thought. I put the drill back in its little cradle, not needing any pretense any more. Gail's legs were spread wide, her feet flat and her knees up. With a well practiced move I had her pantyhose and sandals off and was sitting on the lower edge of the lounge. I pulled Gail forward a bit

**I really got off knowing
my defenseless patients were
all captured by my hidden camera.**

and her dripping cunt enclosed itself around my ready and able drill. Getting up on my knees, holding onto the arms of the lounge, I was able to give her the fuck of her life. Gail kept pulling at my doctor's shirt, trying to grab some skin, but the only skin I had exposed was my cock and it was hidden deep within her hot pussy walls.

Gail was bringing her cunt up to meet my prick with every thrust, and we were riding each other in perfect unison. I grabbed for the mask, and we both took a swig for a moment or so, never missing a stroke. I slowed down long enough to shove Gail's head back on the head rest and gently probed her mouth with the

(Continued on page 55)





Two nurses playing at Doctor—with a hard probe.

LOVE IN STRANGE PLACES



I wonder if my ass has a brain?



Johnny Holmes, eat your heart out!

■ "Love in Strange Places" is your average porn film. Average if you like your women to be exciting and willing to do anything in front of a camera. Average, if you like your plot to be funny, dialogue intelligent and the premise to be wildly original. Average, if you like to see Johnny Holmes and his 15" dong wreck the innards of a half-dozen or more women, all of them loving it to the hilt.

The story deals with a hospital that is taken over by its inmates—all of whom are sexually depraved. They lock the staff away and proceed to have the ball of their lives. Holmes plays a brain-surgeon, whose main preoccupation seems to be sticking his baseball bat into every available female orifice. Not too many ladies would shy away from such

Dr. 15" Johnny Holmes gets deeper inside his patients than most doctors ever could. His staff is the wonder of medicine and the relief and blessing of his patients.

an ordeal, at least not in this film! The flick is further enhanced by the presence of Eric Edwards and Jeff Hurst in cameo roles. They are the two funniest studs in porn. They actually can make one laugh while we reach for our crotches—not an easy accomplishment! As for the female parts . . . Crystal Sync plays as a slightly daffy legitimate nurse who stumbles on the premises, ready to heal the sick and the infirm. Of course, all she gets for her troubles is a whole lot of fucking and sucking, but she keeps on trying, till finally at the end she gives in and joins the loonies. The other girls are all newcomers to the porn scene and more refreshing for that reason. There is a funky black chick who is convinced that she is Cleopatra, the Queen of the Nile,

15" getting to the bottom of her problems.





A typical operation—with some variations!

There, there, doctor will make it grow soon!



A collection of sexually depraved patients take over a major hospital, lock up the staff and go to work. Their perversions are played out with great and total dedication to the proposition that every one should come at least once an hour, taken orally!

and she makes sure that all her subjects lick her . . . well you know.

There is a veritable plethora of "nurses" who wander in and out of scenes, contributing their sexual best to the film, and giving the audience lovely hard ons at the same time. There is a scene where the inmates have a vegetable party that turns into one of the most imaginative fucking sequences ever put on celluloid. I never thought that a carrot was so much fun. I should have listened to my mommy! Eric Edwards does a DeSade sequence and it literally

leaves one admiring Eric's abilities to act and to fuck!

What can one say about Johnny Holmes? That he is a lucky son-of-a-bitch? That he is hung like a horse? Yes, and he's finally beginning to act! While he has a way to come, Johnny no longer is content with waving his flagpole around, he is actually trying to act — and sometimes he succeeds!

The film is funny, funky and definitely a ball-grabber. Given all the junk that has come out recently, that is a very high "Flick" rating. ●





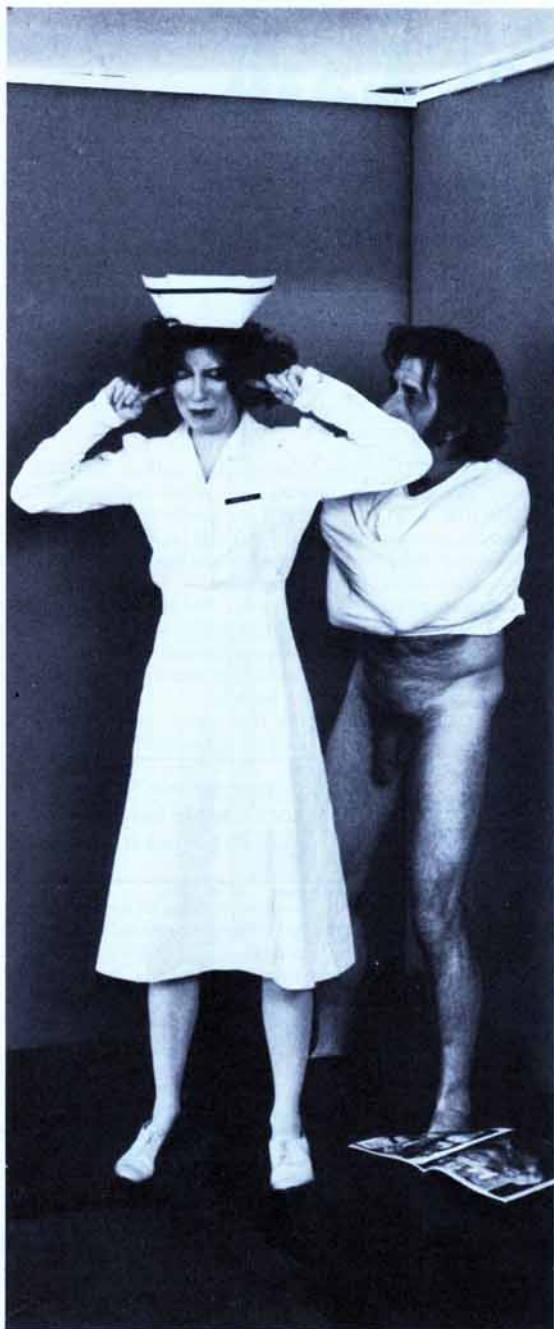
Waiting for a different kind of rectal probe.

The good 15" doctor in conference.

This poor creature is tied down and waiting. . .



If you ever wanted to play doctor
and talked the girl next door
into being the patient this is the
hard-on movie for you!



Don't stick that thing in me, it will go boom!



Eric Edwards fighting the common hard-on.



The hospital staff relaxing after a hard and good day.

How To Get Laid In Congress!

By J. Marsdon White

The Library of Congress is a hot bed of the best and brightest porn the world has ever seen!

■The screening room in the library of Congress was empty and quiet. It was nearly ten p.m. as Catherine (an exceptionally buxom redhead and looking much younger than her forty years) and I prepared to screen our first porno film. Our report on these films would help decide whether they would be released in the U.S.

I watched Catherine pull down the small screen in the front of the room. As she raised her hands I noticed how deeply her large nipples penetrated her

I saw things on films that made my cock do handstands, and I spurted cum on the ceiling

thin blouse. She looked and sounded so businesslike with her plain dark rimmed glasses and long hair neatly rolled up in a bun.

As the small 16mm projector (with the first of many fuck films we were about to view) began to roll, Catherine came back, sat very close to me and said, "You've got to look for how prurient..."

I didn't hear anything else she said. Her warm breath, laced with liquor from our dinner that night, stormed my senses. I watched her full lips move and wondered how her thick tongue would feel wrapped around my cock. But she seemed so serious and distant, I didn't quite have the nerve to do anything.

The screen portrayed two luscious women; one slave, the other master. The naked slave girl hung by her hands, several inches from the ground. As she

moaned, the camera focused on her large tits, quivering under strands of long blonde hair. Lash marks from a cat-of-nine tails held by her master covered her ripe thighs and shimmering belly.

The slave master moved stealthily toward her, eyes filled with impending torture. Tall and dominant, she wore high heeled leather boots and a leather corset which fully exposed her velvet black bush and raised her plump tits so they pointed straight out. With dark glasses and leather choker studded with sharp spikes, she was the perfect master.

Her slave began to cry and yell as she approached. Revealing a long knife, she suddenly slashed the rope holding her victim up. The slave girl crawled and begged to be let go, but as she pleaded her mistress took out a dildo at least eight inches long.

"Turn over and spread your cheeks," she demanded.

Because her unwilling victim moved so slowly, she received several stinging blows across her legs from the cat-of-nine tails. Finally, the petite blonde knelt down and, as she bent over revealing her inviting brown hole, the mistress went down and lubricated the inviting opening with her tongue. In and out her tongue went, as she caressed and licked her sweet victim all over.

The young slave's moaning began to turn to sighing and a plea for more. Her virgin tongue waved furiously as though she wanted to lick and suck anything. As her energy intensified, the dominant mistress shoved the long dildo deep into

her unsuspecting slave. Instead of protesting, she yelled for more.

"Push it out my mouth!" she cried.

Able to stay still no longer, she turned on her master, and pushed her teeth into her bushy cunt.

"Bite harder, bite harder," her master directed. Her domineering began to show signs of unrestrained excitement, while she continued to ram the dildo down her victim's asshole.

As the film neared its conclusion, I looked across at Catherine who, like me,

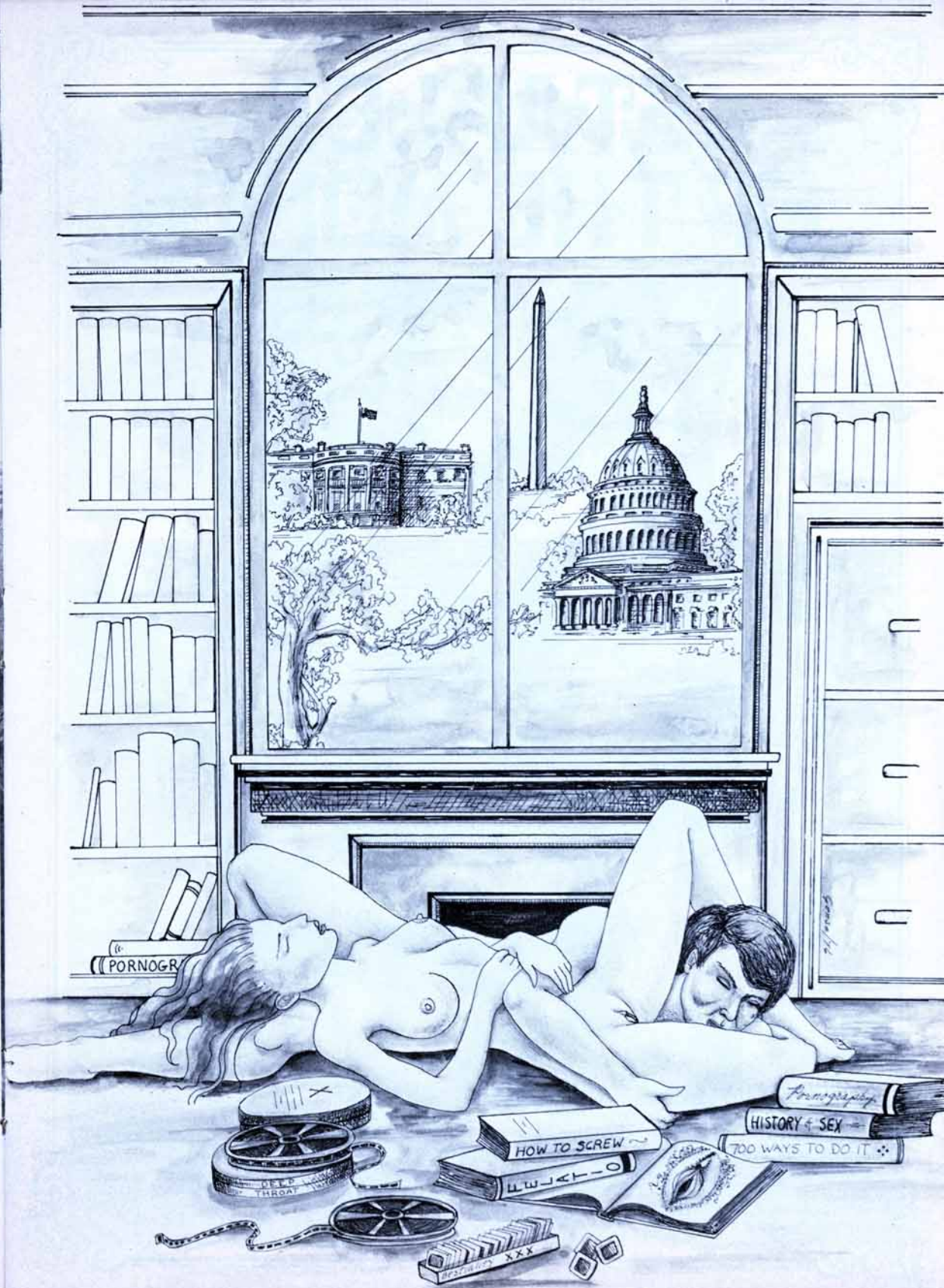
She begged me to stick my cock deep in her asshole and to let her lick it clean!

was glued to the film. As my eye drifted down her left arm I could not believe that she was masturbating herself. Her index finger was digging into the crevice of her blue pants suit. I tried not to let her see me looking, but as soon as I turned away her hand moved quickly from her crotch. I was sure she had seen me looking.

When the film ended, we both stood up simultaneously to get a new reel of film. My cock had been hard for the last half hour and I was just about ready to leave the room and beat off in the hallway. But as we stood, my chest brushed against hers, and I felt her still-hard nipples. Her eyes turned away from me, but I instinctively chose that moment to make my move.

Her blue eyes seemed to stare through mine, but I knew she was aware of what
(Continued on page 58)

**Grabbing her ears
I shoved my cock deep
and felt her tonsils shiver.**



STARLET OF THE MONTH



Carol has the best trained pussy in porn.
In addition to the one she's holding she also likes to play
with the one between her legs.
"The thought of a big, fat, juicy cock
makes my pussy open and drip, and since I work in porn films
my little pussy is never lonely."



**STARLET
OF THE MONTH**







I also like to show off my pussy and to
let my fingers play with its lips and to lick the good juices.
Being in front of a camera turns me on
almost as much as getting horse-fucked by some well-hung stud.
I'm pretty and horny and love telling it to the world.

CONFESSIONS OF an OLDER WOMAN

It's no fun turning fifty, unless your lovers are twenty-five years younger
and can fuck the Geritol right out of you!

By J.S. Brooke

■ I'm a cliché to most people—the older woman who likes her men young and ready to go for hours whenever I need good loving. Some not-too-bright youngsters (and older matrons who dig playing martyrs) even look down their noses at me! They think I should remember my age and stick with older guys who probably can't even get it up anymore. What the hell use are guys like that to a woman who likes good loving and often?

Digging younger guys is not some congenital disease that hit me when I turned 50. And it's not some quirk that just sprang up overnight. After 37 years of making it with guys (and an occasional chick), it was simply the most natural solution to a problem all older women have—how to get the loving they need desperately. In my case, the problem was somewhat intensified, because I love sex—every kind, every position, any way, any time. Trying to find some 50-or-60-year old guy as ready for anything as I've always been is like looking for a leather outfit in a snooty boutique.

I started out fairly "normal," as my critics would term it. When I was 14, I shoved my way into womanhood. That was an overnight kind of development. One night I was a little girl with small tits and little interest in boys, most of whom mirrored my disinterest, enjoying football a hell of a lot more than me. But within a week, my breasts started feeling like little campfires, just burning for touching. My own hands got pretty busy, but I quickly figured out that somebody else's hands would feel even better. A

kid named Robby, all of 16, helped me out. We went out in back of my father's toolshed and started necking, as we so prudishly called it. Actually, Robby was more experienced than any 16-year old had a right to be. He instinctively knew how to tweak and play with my nipples in a way guaranteed to make my kisses and urges hotter and hotter. I wasn't fantastically worried about getting pregnant (I'm not even sure I was aware of the possibility) so when he suggested we both take our clothes off and get down to more serious stuff, my nipples and lips agreed, maybe a little too quickly.

That's when I discovered that the marvelous sensations I had begun to already feel in my breasts were even more pronounced in my sweet virgin vagina. When he stuck his finger slowly inside me, it hurt like the dickens for just a minute. Then there was something like a ripping sound and a flash of real pain. Then the most out-of-this-world feeling I had ever experienced. I hadn't had any brothers, so while his finger was slowly working its way around my wetting cunt, I took an inordinate pleasure in playing with his penis. Luckily for Robby, I was terribly inexperienced, or I would have realized that when the Man Upstairs was giving out cocks, Robby was seriously shortchanged. But this was my first cock, and with no other comparisons around, I thought it was marvelous plaything. When it began to swell to its full four-inch length, I thought it was just huge and wrapped my mouth around it. Robby said that gave him pleasure, and I discovered that it wasn't too bad from

my standpoint, either. Together, we just laid like that for what seemed like hours, me sucking delicately on his reddening cock, he just stroking my cunt, which was oozing both a little blood and my first real love juice.

Finally, we realized it was time to do it all. I lay on my back and let Robby's hard cock slip into me. Most virgins don't remember that first time so well, or else they remember it as a nasty mixture of shame and pain. But for me it was pure joy. Robby wasn't old enough to know about things like "holding it in" but also wasn't experienced enough to just come on a dime, so we went for a long time before I felt his warm juices shoot into me. It was the greatest feeling in the world! As his cum shot all the way up my cunt, I just covered his face with kisses while his hands worked overtime on my sweating nipples.

I fell instantly in love—anybody who gives you your first fuck, especially if it's a good one, has an inside track on that kind of response. I stayed with Robby for almost two years, all through my first two years of high school, right up to his graduation. It was an incredible stroke of luck that I didn't get pregnant—not only didn't we use anything, I didn't even know we had to until I turned 16! Plus our frequency finally got up to two or three good fuck sessions a week—not exactly a great way to ensure birth control.

Robby's going away to college almost broke my heart. It wasn't because I was so lost without him, I just didn't know

(Continued on page 60)

Go! Phillies

HOFFMAN

Blowdry



By BERTIE BRONZE

■ **BLOWDRY** recounts the erotic adventures of hairdresser Warren Peece (Pepe) and his girlfriend Maggie Glitter (Helen Madigan). This is a must for Madigan fans—she's ultra hot in this one and will bring out the sucker in all of you.

We meet them in the throes of their morning wet dreams, as Maggie pictures herself on a Hollywood set, and Warren imagines himself in his own dream salon, Public Hair. This scene will definitely elicit some sizeable bulges as the fantasies lead to a triple-decker fuck which climaxes as the alarm goes off.

For those of you who haven't guessed yet, **BLOWDRY** is a spoof of **SHAMPOO**.

Blowdry is a lush package of sensuous delights that will have you creaming in your jeans . . . This one is head and shoulders above the average fuck film. . . a good value per handkerchief!

but unlike other hard-core parodies, this has a lot of real imagination going for it. The emphasis is definitely on entertainment, but the sex doesn't suffer. There's enough here to suit everyone's sexual preferences.

In general the plot follows the line of **SHAMPOO**. Warren needs money to open his own salon, so he applies for a loan at a midtown bank. His loan officer (much sexier than Beatty's), is Anna May Schlöng (Peonies Jong). She balls him in the vault, but after taking his wad refuses to give him any of hers. Don't know how they got away with using a real bank vault, but they'll probably get sued for this one!

His load wasted, Warren cycles to



Helen getting blown on both sets of hair.

Checking out Helen's pubic wave.



A girl needs some rest after fucking and sucking!





Helen getting ready to blow-dry and to show off her slit.



Beating her meat and eating some at the same time.



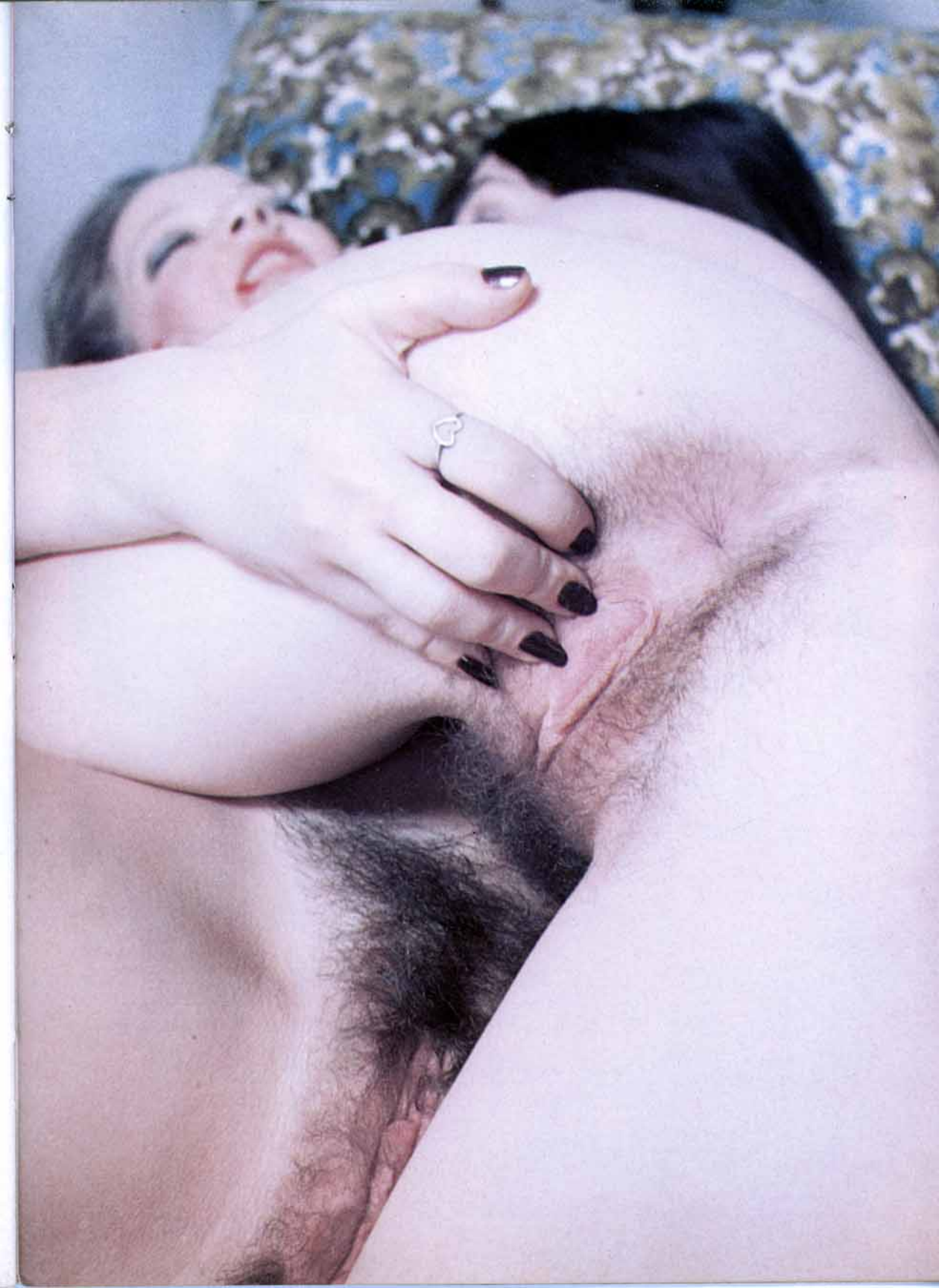
Riding a stiff cock is good exercise.

work at the Head Shop. Here he finds rich bitch Felicity Waddley (Ultra Max), impatiently pacing the floor—as eager to get it on with him as with her styling. As he reaches for the shampoo, she reaches for his blowdryer (the one in his pants, of course), and they're off again, in an hilariously funny, highly original sink suck.

Meanwhile Maggie is at the casting office of Erich Von Hindstroke (Michael Gaunt), who is looking for an unknown to star in "Sins of the Sphinx." As he

The sex is extraordinary, running the gamut from love to full-scale orgies with plenty for the kinky set; the script is surprisingly good and full of fun to amuse the mind and the cock.

discusses the subtleties and nuances he is seeking he comes onto her in classic casting couch style . . . and she responds with a great performance of passionate abandon. This scene is a real groin-grabber. The set is lavish and the fucking is hot, hot, hot! Madigan looks better than ever. Another scene that will have you lunging for your loins is the one between Fester Waddley (Richard Bolla) and his mistress Fanny (Crystal Sync). Fester has a personnel problem, or so he tells his wife when she calls from the





Helen Madigan once
again proves that she is the unbeaten Queen of
fuck and suck epics.
Her performance is sexy and funny — she obviously enjoys her
work and loves to fuck.



Head Shop. Fanny is not putting out till she gets what she wants, but Fester is in dire need. A great chase ensues, and an audible sigh is heard from the audience when Fanny finally parts her legs atop the Xerox machine. The tension is broken when the machine turns on and spurts out copies of Fanny's ass.

As the film progresses, the pace becomes more and more frantic. Everywhere Warren turns, there's a horny woman waiting to grab him. What



a fantasy! Pepe is well-cast in his role and could change the hairdresser's image forever. He's a newcomer to porn with talents to rival the best. Apart from the most obvious talent, he wrote the song he sings to Maggie when she threatens suicide . . . in a tender love scene that eventually turns into a levely, lusty shower fuck.

BLOWDRY is a movie to watch with one hand . . . but don't get too carried away or you might miss the most volcanic come shot of the century.



Tip Me Over and Pour It On



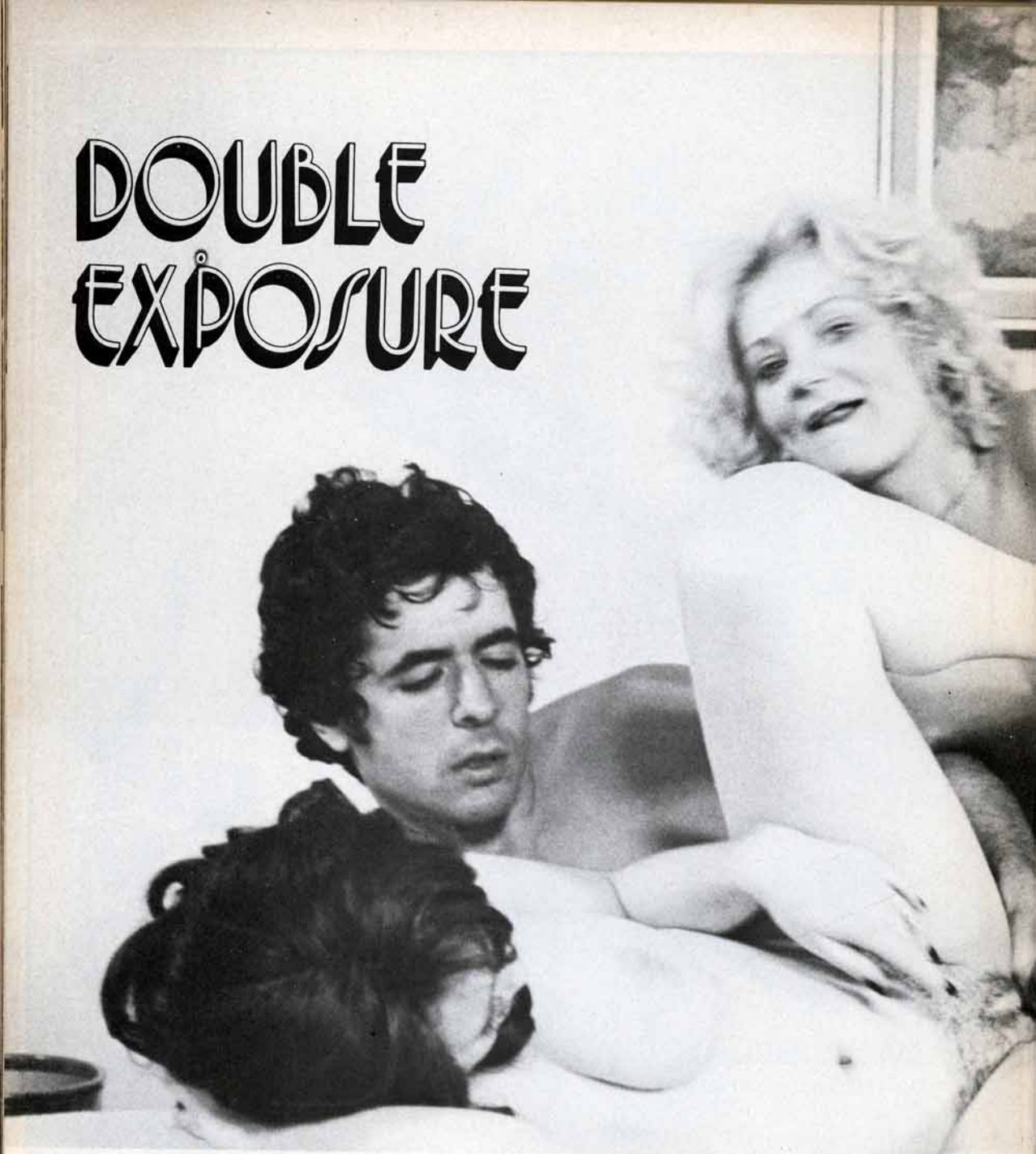
Lynne used to be a star contortionist. She used to be able to twist her body in so many unusual ways, she made her audiences gasp. "I was once a ballet student, but when I got sick, I couldn't make the grade as a ballerina, so I did crazy things with my body. I had a nightclub act in Phoenix, Arizona that made people wonder how I could do such things as go down on myself.

The secret is how you gradually stretch your spinal column. Now I'm a hostess at that same night club, but a lot of guys ask me for dates, wondering what surprises I might have in store. I like to keep them wondering,"

says Lynne.



DOUBLE EXPOSURE



■ THE DOUBLE EXPOSURE OF HOLLY is a gripping and fast-paced X-rated thriller—an intriguing tale of murder, entrapment and a big-deal double-cross.

When Holly Levin, the stunning blonde wife of a wealthy Westchester businessman, makes her routine trips into Manhattan, it isn't always for an innocent browse around Bloomingdale's.

Double Exposure is a film with stunning effects sexually and visually the movie is a total turn-on. Jamie Gillis, Bree Anthony and Catherine Earshaw are talented and obviously turned-on by each other.

There is some very serious fucking in this film.

She may have the shopping bags to show for her afternoon forays into the Big Apple, but Holly has been having a long-time affair with Lee, an opportunistic Eastside shrewdie who sees a chance to grab for gold when Holly gives him the brush-off. In a bitchy confrontation, Holly tells Lee she's found someone new—Mark Jago, a big-time contractor and a "real man."



Double your pleasure, double your cum!

Flick's own Annie Sprinkle hard at work.





Bree Anthony taking it up the old dirt road.

Bree taking it on her back for a change.





Jamie Gillis, Annie Sprinkle and a horny friend.

Lee outwardly keeps his cool, but cunningly plots to trap Holly with her new lover, get the evidence of their afternoon trysts at the Cumberland Hotel and blackmail Mark with videotapes of the action. He and a ruthless private eye hire Archie and Kim to help pull off the "Watergate" number in the hotel room, using two-way mirrors, wired TV sets and all the paraphernalia of modern electronic bugging gear. The medium may be cool, but the action is getting hotter and hotter every minute!

Enter a cast of characters who are all on their own one-way cash and carry joy rides to nowhere. Lee can't quite keep a



The Watergate Capers of porn . . . "Dirty" tricks in the bedroom recorded on videotape make the White House tapes look innocent by comparison . . . Sex is more powerful and much more fun than politics.



Bree Anthony showing off her fuckable body.

lid on his hyper detective friend who by now has a whole entourage of junkies, pimps and hookers helping him ply the sordid tools of his trade. While Holly blithely plays one man against the other, thinking she's still got her back cushioned in her secure nest in the suburbs, the plot gets complicated. A murder occurs. And Holly tools her way back home in her fancy car, still in a state of grace. But she's ready for a fall.

In a dramatic conclusion, Holly will learn that she's played the game too long, never thinking for a minute that she, too, has run the risk of **DOUBLE EXPOSURE.**

**A shocking and feel-good look at a
weight-loss center that has a secret:
The best way to lose weight is to fuck and suck your head off!**

By G.B. Dennis

■ My initial reactions were shock and disbelief! My final reaction was why not if it feels good. I'm alluding to what may become the newest sex rage—sex exercise clinics.

Actually, it was my cousin Barbie that brought this to my attention. Barbie's 25, 5'5, a pretty brunette with blue eyes, nice figure and a secretary for a New York film company that produces industrial films. I never knew anything in particular about Barbie's sex life, except she always read my articles and the erotic magazines they appeared in.

One morning, recently, my phone rings and Barbie shouts, "Have I got a story for you!" She insisted we have lunch and that I should pick her up at her office. I come by, chat a while with her boss, Ted Stevens, and then leave with Barbie. When we get outside, she points to a building directly across the street. "That's it!"

"That's what?" The building is a five story office building, nothing out of the ordinary. I do notice that the second floor windows are covered with signs extolling **The Alvin Charles Clinic for Weight Control Exercises**.

"That's it!" Barbie repeated, excitedly.

"It's just another exercise place."

"You've never seen exercises like they have!"

"Will you get to the point?"

"Only over a stiff drink," she replied.

Halfway through our lunch I said, "You must be reading somebody's fiction fantasies."

"It's true!" I rehearsed Barbie's story. For months, she had seen out of her

office window, beautiful women entering the building and not one of them looked overweight. "If they're doing exercises, why should they be overweight," I said. She ignored that and then mentioned that there was a security guard who worked solely for the clinic. So? The membership fee was exorbitant, a thousand dollars for the year! Maybe they're getting special exercises. "That's what I'm telling you, ninny!" She claimed the clinic was a cover-up for the weirdest kind of sex orgies!

"How do you know?"

She hemmed and hawed, stammered and stuttered before she said, "I'm a member."

"What?! My sweet, innocent cousin a sex freak?"

"Don't be so shocked. Women have sex desires, too, or are you still a male chauvinist?" She swore me to secrecy; as it was, our family clan thought I wrote music articles.

"Why do you want me to do a story on this?"

"Because I fell in love with Charlie. He's one of the owner's and the bastard not only doesn't love me, but turned me into a pervert," she pouted.

**The instructor walked
among us . . . sucking a tit
here . . . pushing a
cock there . . . doing
a great job in
giving great lessons
in the art of
group fucking.**

"You can't become what you evidently always were." She didn't smile. She was **exercising** the woman scorned routine. She had to get revenge on Charlie. "Barbie, I need proof."

"Isn't what I say good enough?"

"Nope, it's hearsay. I have to see for myself."

"The only men allowed in are the instructors." She continued to pout.

"You still haven't told me what goes on that's so wild."

"I'm embarrassed."

"Isn't it a little late for that?"

"I mean I'm embarrassed to talk about it. It's easier to do it than to explain it."

"Try me." As I drank my cold coffee, I choked when Barbie rattled off phrases like, "sucking off the instructors, eating other women, urinating on each other . . ."

" . . . Barbie!" I interrupted, "You're right! It's a wild story!"

"You believe me now?"

"Are you telling me that someone actually pissed on you?"

"I pissed right back," she answered, defensively.

I stared at her pretty face. "God, my own cousin a sex pervert!"

"You always said nothing is wrong if you enjoy it!"

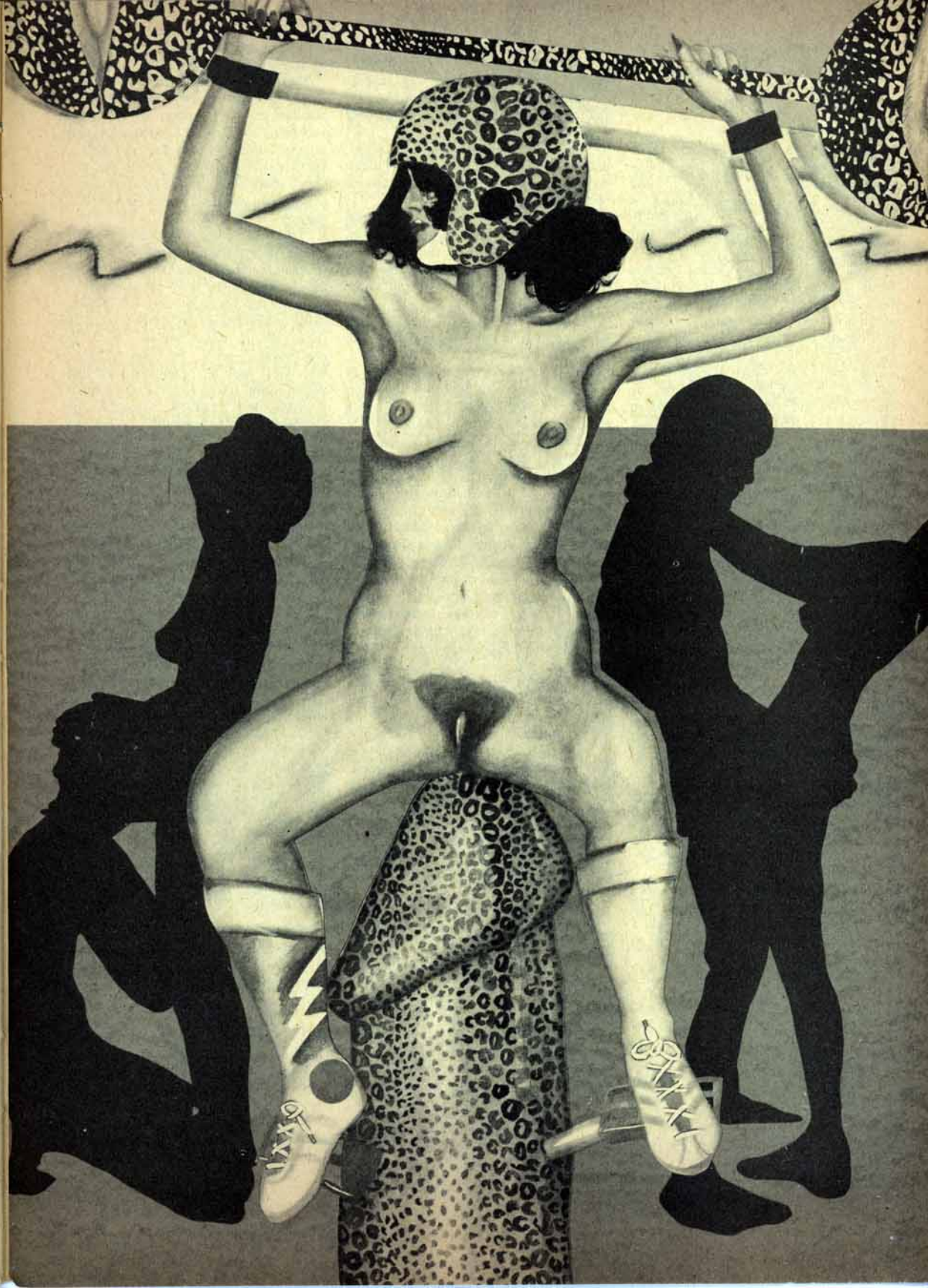
"You enjoyed it?!"

"Let's drop the subject. How do we get proof?"

I convinced her to let Ted in on the story. Her boss had been after her for two years for her hand in marriage; though he was her employer, he was putty in her hands when it came to love.

(Continued on page 64)

EXERCISE CLASS



WADE NICHOLS

(Continued on page 14)

then there's the kinky stuff. I once refused to shit on somebody. I really feel that's repulsive. And I prefer to stay away from golden showers, although I'll do it if I have to. I don't feel as though I'm fucking when I'm working. I'm just working, and it's not so special."

Wade was already getting excited again. I hadn't completely cooled down from the moment I'd set eyes on him, so when his hands began roaming over my still naked ass, I didn't complain a bit.

"You know, being a film star is really an ego trip for me. I love it when people come up and ask for my autograph, or stare at me and point. But I don't like to see myself on film. I'm really a bit shy, not aggressive at all. I can get embarrassed easy if you're not real good and sweet to me."

I responded to this invitation by gently touching and licking his nipples. Sucking hard on his fingers, hands and ears, I listened to him as he played with my nipples and licked my face deliciously.

"My mother was a real swinger, dating a lot of jazz musicians in the early '40s. In fact, she was knocked up by a famous drummer, but had an abortion. I would have had an older brother, but that's life. Maybe that's why I love jazz so much."

I leaned over and sat on top of his pointing, divining rod as it searched for the oasis of my cunt. "I like a woman who takes what she wants," Wade whispered in my ear as I rode his steed to my own glory. "Women should take their own enjoyment of sex for granted, baby, they sure should. Ride 'em for all you're worth, baby. I love it when you're secure enough to take what you want—ride 'em baby."

I was only half listening because I was off into never-land of my tenth orgasm of the afternoon. God, I do love my job, I thought, as I fell over against his hard belly.

We talked of Wade's insecurities. "If a big name star is in a film with me, I sometimes get uptight for a little while—but I guess she does too. I always rise above my insecurities though," he laughed, smiling at the pun.

"Most of us are hard-working professionals, and most of our scenes are for real. Although we work as long as 12 hours and more a day, we only do one sex scene a day so we can really make it believable. Girls like Sharon Mitchell and Gloria Leonard are real hard workers and fabulous to fuck with. It's a pleasure, but we consider it work, too. We don't mix outside of the job."

Remembering that he liked some kinky stuff, I tied my hands with a rope I found in the kitchen, and came out calling. "Take me, I'm yours. Above and beyond the call of duty. I am here to probe your depths."

"Like to play games, huh?" he asked, pulling a gun from a drawer. "How about sucking for oil, sister, or get your brains blown out?"

I sucked like there was going to be no tomorrow, almost frightened at the gun. "It's just one of the kinky things I like to pull," Wade explained, after his cock had its full of lots of hard and deep-throated suction.

"I have a nice gun collection, and like to surprise girls with 'em, like I did to you."

Funny, I didn't admit it to him, but it was quite a turn-on giving a blow job with a gun at my head. I felt like I was given an offer I couldn't refuse.

There was no fantasy of romance in my head as I lay under Wade's magnificent body. He was thrusting with long, slow, wave-like motions, and I was floating into a world of clouds and flowers and stars which exploded in my head and sent electrical heat shocks all over my body. Wade had already told me that he'd never had a long relationship. He never even lived with one woman. He'd already told me that his career was his goal right now, and that one woman was not in his future. Despite all of that, I lay there, my legs folded around his waist. My hips thrusting in rhythm with his, I reached up to his body, my cunt holding on to his delicious cock and my heart beating in ecstasy.

"I love a tight cunt like yours, baby, I love it," Wade was murmuring. "Small, compact, tight—that's the best kind of cunt to have," he whispered, as I tightened my muscles more, so pleased to be pleasing him. My climax shook both of us, my body spasming against his and my screams hitting the walls, floors and ceiling.

He was special, and there was no doubt about it. Wow—was he special as he started pounding into me fast and furious. "I like to balance my fucking, baby.—Slow and easy, then wild and crazy. And wild and crazy he went. I thought his cock would come right up through my throat as he plunged hard, fast and deep. I loved every second of it."

Sticky with cum juices, damp with love sweat, and floating on the clouds of orgasm, I watched Wade finishing up a table he was making. An expert furniture maker and carpenter, Wade hopes to open a cabinet maker's shop in the future. Born and raised mostly in New York, he hopes to stay here. "This is where it's at for me," he told me. The hardness of his cheekbones, the intensity of his eyes and the beauty of his entire

soul was stirring me again to new heights of passion.

"Sex for me starts with a chemistry," Wade had said earlier. I couldn't help thinking that the chemist just kept going and going for me. I'd been hot from the minute I laid eyes on this magnificent specimen. And, most important, the more time I spent with him, the more I learned about him and the more turned on I became.

"I don't like women who have to be the center of attention all the time. I like people who realize they have a certain force within them which attracts others, and they don't have to force the issue by being overly dominating. I like a more lay back woman. When you're secure you don't have to push," he went on, and I lay back quietly, clamping my legs together and trying to be cool. I wanted to have the "natural strength and contentment to be unnoticed," as Wade had put it. "Quite often, the person in the shadows has the entire place under control," he added, "not that they're shy or embarrassed, but really in total control."

I sat quietly on the couch watching him work. And you know what, I really got off watching Wade Nichols lovingly work with his hands and talk about himself, his work and his life.

He's a porno star extraordinaire, visually beautiful and sexually perfect. But mainly, and most surprising and gratifying for me, he's a wonderful human being with a deep sense of caring and a sense of oneness with nature and himself.

Wade Nichols likes himself. He likes his work and the world around him. He likes beautiful women with nice asses and a sense of confidence. He likes jazz, wood and his motorcycle. He likes to succeed and he likes success, but most important of all, he touches the stars from time to time, and he touches them with love. I'm grateful that I was there with him one afternoon and we touched them together. ●



"Are you putting the make on me?"

Annie Sprinkles

(Continued from page 17)

I was ready. I liked the way I looked and felt with my new image, and so did everyone on the set.

The scene started with my giving head to Harry, which I had been looking forward to for days. He undressed and lay down on the big brass bed and I admiringly stuffed his big cock in my mouth. In seconds, Harry's flat cock was hard as a rock and he cued the camera man to start rolling. With a click of the camera, I could hear the sound of celluloid recording my artistic blow job for all the world to see. I became very excited at that thought and by the fact that I was sucking on the most famous cock in the world. I got even more turned on knowing that there were 9 people (the crew members) with very intense eyes watching me do what I do best. I started masturbating myself while Harry was finger fucking me. I was boiling hot.

The cameraman cut the scene to reload but we didn't cut the action. Fortunately for my pussy the next shot was of us fucking, so we got in position and Harry started fucking the shit out of me with great expertise. The camera rolled and the director requested some different positions. Harry put me into positions I had never been in before and his beautiful cock never faltered. Our bodies were sweaty and slippery from the hot lights and we were both out of breath.

The cameraman had enough action footage and it was time for Harry's cum shot. (They already had mine.) We concocted a position for Harry to come between my breasts. Harry cued the cameraman to start rolling, giving him plenty of time to focus for the close-up, and came across with some of the best looking, best tasting, warmest cum I had ever experienced.

The sound man thanked me for all the noises. The director thanked us and complimented us on our performance. I felt very satisfied in more ways than one.

Hi Annie.

I accidentally discovered a great new position to masturbate in and I want to turn you on to it. I am a female but I suppose men could do it, too.

I was in my yoga class concentrating on yoga positions. When the class was in the shoulder stand position I felt a sudden rush of extreme horniness. I could hardly wait for the class to end so I could go into the bathroom upstairs and get off.

Finally class ended and I nonchalantly

went into the bathroom, lay down on the floor and wet my fingers with some oil that I carry in my purse for just such occasions. I peeled off my sweaty leotards and tights and started frigging my clit. I could hear people in the halls waiting to use the bathroom. I couldn't get off.

Finally I thought if I went into a shoulder stand (the body in the air with the weight on the back of head and shoulders) maybe it would speed things up.

I spread my long, straight legs and left them dangling in the air as far as they would comfortably go. I then balanced myself and tried masturbating again.

Wow! I had the best orgasm of my life. It lasted about a minute and a half. While I was coming, I slowly rolled down onto my back, which sent my blood rushing in crazy directions.

Dental Antics

(Continued from page 23)

electric drill. With my cock still in her, and proud as a peacock, I drilled her rotten molar, watching all the blackness fall out of her hole. My own drill was deliciously ensconced in her cunt and was twitching like crazy.

This was, usually, the best moment. I loved drilling them with both of my drills at once. Of course, I couldn't move my cock when I was using the electric drill, but the slight pain they felt always made their pussy muscles pull, and my cock loved it. Hanging up the drill, I pulled her T-shirt up, exposing huge melon-like tits with the hugest, pinkest nipples I'd ever seen. Nipples drive me wild, and I was glad I didn't look when I was still drilling her tooth. I would have given her another hole in her head, I'd have gotten so crazy. By now I had both tits in my mouth and her nipples were standing up at full attention. Pulling my cock out, I slid down the chair to look at Gail's clit. Sure enough, it too was standing up. A clitoris erectus. I had all I could do to keep from coming when I saw it standing there, purple and hard, pushing its little head out from between her glistening wet cuntlips. My mouth began devouring her, my tongue rolling around the huge clit, and my fingers still pulling at her nipples. Gail was going wild. She was screaming like a banshee, and her cum juices were almost drowning me. I reached over and put the mask on her face once more, and as she breathed in she let out a spasm which sent shivers down my spine as I watched her twitching and contorting, her ass pulled up in the air, her hands ripping my hair right out of my head. My mouth moved with her cunt, not letting go of it for a

Something about the position really turns me on. Try it and let me know if you like it.

Love,
Lyn

Dear Lyn,

I have and I did like it. But I found that the position is even better if you have a nice, friendly, warm tongue licking and prodding between your legs. This person can also hold you up and balance you so that you are able to relax completely.

I had a thought that if a man were to jerk off in a shoulder stand position he would be able to come in his own mouth!

Well, until next month, and keep those letters coming. I promise to answer each and every one, either in **FLICK** or direct to you. I love you. Personal to L.B.—I had a great time. Lets do it again soon. Hugs, kisses and more, Annie.

minute. I loved its taste and its hypnotic smell. Jeez, what a patient! I hoped she'd be really turned on to me instead of just being a chair fuck. I kept licking her cuntlips and flitting my tongue in and out of her cunt until I was almost bursting.

I pulled myself up and taking the mask again for both of us to breathe in one last thrill, I shoved rockcock deep into her still pulsating pussy and shot my load deep within the walls of her hot pot. I reached up and replaced the needle with a soft brush, and running the drill slowly, I ran the brush along Gail's nipples, all hard and shriveled from her excitement.

"OOOOOhhhh, OOOOhhhh," she moaned, loving the feel of it, but her tits were so sensitive I had to stop. With my cock wiped off on her towel, I was again as professional as anyone, placing the amalgam into the already cleaned out hole, filing down the extra amalgam, and being sure her bite was right with the new filling.

"You'll have to come back in a few days. Gail, you have another problem on your left side. The bicuspid needs drilling and cleaning."

"Ooh, Doc, how about tomorrow," she cooed up to me, pulling her panty hose up and stepping into her sandals. "I sure want to get cleaned and filled and drilled as often as possible."

Placing her back in the chair, I whispered: "Don't jump up because you'll be dizzy from the gas. Rest a while. Here, turn on your side like this," I explained, putting my limp cock into her mouth as I rested her head on the arm of the chair at the exact height of my prick. "Suck slow, baby, just until you feel alright again. Sucking is good for you, and it helps you get used to breathing regular air. Just suck, baby, yeah, roll your tongue around my prick and suck it, too. Yeah baby, you're getting ready,

(Please turn page)

yeah baby, good, baby, good." I moaned into her ear as I leaned over and caressed her delicious ass.

Not wanting to come again I stopped her after a few minutes. After all, there were other beauties sitting on this chair throughout the day. I wanted to have enough left for some of the others, too. "Okay, Gail, come tomorrow at two and be prepared for some heavy drilling. I'll set aside a full hour for you because your cavities are worth delving into. I want to be sure to reach every nook and corner, so we'll have to spend a lot of time together."

"Oh, yes, Doc, that sounds perfect. I wouldn't want you to miss any of my holes, or cavities, I mean. I want you to do the best job you can, okay?"

I was glad to see that the office was empty when I walked her to the door. "Candy, come in here a minute, babe, I want to show you something." Candy rolled her hips toward me, her red hair draped over her uniform-covered tits. "Another film, Dougie, babe, but we only have a half hour. Mrs. Alden will be in at 1:30."

"That's all we need, babe, this'll really get us both off real fast."

Candy stripped in seconds, and as usual I gaped at her body. She was perfect. High rounded tits, tiny waist, hips that promised they'd roll you right to heaven, and legs from Betty Grable. She stuck a finger in her cunt as she lay backwards on the chair. "Roll 'em Dougie," she said, licking her cunt juices from her finger.

I pushed the same black button I'd pushed when Gail was in the chair then went into the room to my right. I pushed the rewind button and returned to Candy, who was rolling her index finger around her already enlarged clit and licking her left nipple.

"Just give me a lick, Dougie, one lick before we start," she cooed. I bent down obligingly, giving her a lot more than one roll of my tongue when I tasted how delicious and hot her cunt was. We suddenly heard Gail giggling, and looking up at the screen I could see her squirming again as she'd done just moments before.

"Oh, Dougie, you got her pants off so fast she didn't know what happened," Candy laughed. I knelt on the floor so that I could suck Candy off as we watched. She leaned down, taking my puny peenie in her hand and molded it around and around, trying to form a stick from a pile of dough.

Watching myself on top of Gail, pounding in and out of her, and then watching as I drilled her tooth while I was poking her twat with my dick, we both laughed. My cock was beginning to rise with all the touching Candy was doing, not to mention her delicious hot

box in my mouth and the view of Gail pushing her hot cunt up into my body.

Candy shot her load into my mouth just as I twisted myself around and exposed Gail's slit. Candy kept coming as she watched Gail's cunt in my mouth and my head rolling around between her legs. I could taste Candy's cum and watch Gail's coming at the same time. My cock rose up to its full beauty, hard and perfect, purple and ready. Twisting my body and giving up my view of the screen, I shoved my prick down Candy's throat and face fucked her while I continued licking on her inflamed clit. She was going wild from the sound of Gail screaming on the screen, and as I smelled some gas with Gail on the screen, Candy reached over and took a whiff herself. Both Candy and Gail were moaning at the same time as I turned and thrust rocky-cocky into Candy's begging slit. We fucked sideways so that we could both look up at the screen, and as I pounded into Candy's cunt, we both came watching me on the screen pounding deep into Gail's hole. Another whiff of the gas, and laughing and coming we rolled off the chair and into a fast shower.

"Jesus, Dougie, that was 14 minutes. We're really making time lately, and what a fuck and suck. I'm in heaven. Every part of my body is tingling. I'm sure Gail's was too, that lucky bitch."

"Now, now, no jealousy, I only do it so that we can watch it together, baby. Don't start with name calling," I teased, knowing full well it was just a game Candy and I played.

Mrs. Alden was ringing the bell just as Candy buttoned the last of her uniform buttons and I zipped up my very last zipper.

I almost winced remembering that Mrs. Alden loved giving blow jobs, and I didn't think old rocky could take another touch, not at the moment anyhow. So I decided to deprive her of it politely.

"Well, you're lucky today, Mrs. Alden, you don't need any gas. We're just giving you a nice check-up and it won't hurt at all."

"Oh, but Doctor, you know how I love to get gas. Please don't say no, just give me a little."

"Alright, but Ms. Candy will have to give it you because I'm very busy. I have to talk to another dentist about a patient."

After a few more minutes of that garbage, I finally got out of it. I knew for sure, one whiff of the gas and my pants would be in her hands, my zipper down, and my cock in her mouth. The woman was a tiger with gas, and a meek, calm, little sophisticate without it. Cocky smiled up at me for getting him out of this one. He really was very sensitive by now.

Gas was a fabulous invention,

especially for me, but there were times I had to avoid it. I sat in my office pretending to be talking to the other dentist, thinking of how it all started. One of my patients had actually attacked me. Jesus, it was fabulous. She jumped off the fuckin' chair and grabbed me. I was scared to death until my cock was in her mouth and I was getting the best blow job I'd had to that point. Since then, of course, there've been so many, but I'll always remember that day, down on her knees in my office, my cock in her mouth and my face as surprised and shocked as if I was being given \$1,000,000,000.

And ever since it's been like that. A whiff of gas and I get to collect \$1,000,000,000. A hot cunt in my face, a twat to hold my prick for a while, a kiss, a tit, a nipple, an asshole. I love it all. Women, Jesus, I thought they were the greatest. Hot, cold, short, tall, fat, thin, gorgeous, ugly; it didn't matter. Give 'em gas and they give you cunt, and they've all got cunt, delicious cunt, too. Women are terrific I thought sitting there, and suddenly my cock wasn't so sensitive anymore. It was actually coming up again. But I decided to wait, Cindy was coming in at four and she was really special. Cindy would get in on this act and I'd really get off watching the two of them. I thought about the other reason for my films, one to turn me and my friends on, and the other, well, I hoped I didn't have to use it. I hadn't used it for a long time. But it felt good to know I had that kind of insurance right there on film.

Patients came and went, even Mrs. Alden left happy. I wondered for a minute if Candy had given a little head and made a mental note to ask her later if it was good. Then, finally, the last patient, Cindy. I did the fastest filling I'd ever done in my life and then let Candy give her a cleaning. We were all nude as usual since we had established a definite routine. Finish up the work real quick, and then the fun begins. Candy was polishing her teeth and I was licking on Candy's ass, carefully avoiding the asshole because I didn't want Candy to get too turned on. I moved up to Cindy for a while and sucked her tits and belly. By then we were ready and moved into the waiting room. I turned the camera around on its rotating base so that it faced the waiting room rather than my office. By the time I joined the two girls they were already at each other.

I loved watching them make love to each other. Their bodies were so smooth, so white. I loved the look of their rounded asses raised high above each other's faces, the way their tits hung down into their bellies as they leaned over to suck each other's pussies. I watched them tighten and tense as they reached orgasm and gently stroked each other's bodies as their faces wildly

mouth, and especially the third visit when she was fucking herself with my water pik and sucking me off at the same time, she promptly made out a check.

Luckily, we're all friends now, and Gail joins Candy and me for a threesome now and then. Films and drill and a little gas—not to mention my dental school training—they all add up to a fabulous life. Ask your dentist. ●

How To Get Laid In Congress!

(Continued from page 31)

I wanted.

"What are you doing?" she said with a half-heartedness that told me she was quite ready for a body twelve years younger. I let my hand rest on her thigh while I brought my mouth close to hers. Her eyes closed slowly to accept my pressing lips. Like a canyon, her mouth opened wide, sucking in my piercing tongue.

I had expected more of a struggle, but that wasn't my last surprise. There was more to this matron than met my mouth.

As we rolled effortlessly to the floor, she began to explore the outline of my hardened prick with her hand. As I began to undo my belt buckle, she suddenly stopped me.

"Let me undress for you first," she whispered, flitting her tongue over my earlobe. "I want to excite you first. Then I will beg you to eat me and to bite my nipples hard and to stick your hard prick deep into my asshole until I scream and beg you to stop. But don't stop..."

Who says porno films don't give you great ideas?

It was indeed a metamorphosis. Off with the glasses, then letting her hair fall straight down, she carefully removed everything, pausing to let me savor her firm rounded breasts and her cunt, bright red and bushy, and eager for my tongue and cock.

We got into a 69 position and I immediately lost my face inside her crotch.

"Please bite me hard," she moaned. "Pull on my hair with your teeth. Make me hurt."

Realizing she wanted a little domination, I readily took command. As I began to bite into her seething cunt, she enveloped my cock with her mouth, immediately pushing it deep inside her throat. I pulled away and slapped her face, telling her if she wanted my cock, she'd have to beg for it.

Momentarily stunned, she accepted our game.

"Please, master, can I suck your beautiful prick? I want to swallow your hot cum."

I moved about five feet away, lay on my back and looked at my blood filled

prick sticking high in the air.

"Crawl to my cock, and you can have it," I roared.

"No, please," she sighed, "I don't want to get dirty crawling on the floor."

I moved over to her, slapped her again across the face and spanked her ass with all the sting I could muster.

She was perfect. I nearly shot a wad just watching her crawl on her belly with her hard nipples scraping across the floor and her tongue stretching to reach my cock.

By the time she got down on my cock, she was rimming and sucking like a whore who had been denied a prick for a year. As her mouth moved furiously up and down my cock, I began slapping her across the face just hard enough for her cheeks to turn pink. The more I slapped the more uncontrolled she became. Pulling away from my cock, she moved up my chest and dangled two of the most robust tits I'd ever seen in front of my mouth.

I bit hard on the nipple and the dark surrounding area. With each penetration, she screamed, begging me to stop. But that was the last thing she wanted me to do. Cupping her tit with her hand she began forcing as much as she could into my mouth, then scraping the wet mammary across my entire face.

My cock was literally filled to the brim with cum, but there was one more task to perform before letting go into this wild matron.

"Down on the floor!" I demanded.

This time there was absolutely no resistance. Worked up to near hysteria, she complied by spreading her cheeks far apart for my invading cock.

As soon as the tip entered her waiting hole, she let out with a long, deep groan. With each push came an increasingly louder moan. After only a few moments of shoving it as far as it would go, she reached the height of her orgasm. Of that I was glad because mine followed very shortly, releasing what felt like a half gallon of the sticky white stuff.

Although I was just about through, my middle-aged mistress wasn't quite finished. Like a content kitten, she turned to my shrinking cock and licked it clean. Purring and cooing, she lazily washed my cock all over with her expert tongue.

It was nearly 11:30 and we hadn't finished even half our work! That meant we'd have to get to the screening room a little early the following day.

As we prepared to leave the room, Catherine put on her glasses, rolled up her hair, and whispered that she would have a surprise for me tomorrow. I was ready to spend the night with her but both of us concluded that if we wanted to keep our jobs during the day, we could use a good night's sleep.

I spent the next day waiting impatiently for evening to arrive. Although I was supposed to meet Catherine in the screening room at 9 p.m., I decided to get there a little early, watch a few films and take some notes. I knew when Catherine arrived we'd be lucky to get ten minutes of viewing time.

By nine o'clock, I had seen enough fucking and sucking to make me want to screw the wall. I figured Catherine would be fortunate to make it to her seat before I had her on the floor, sopping up her mouth-watering pussy.

At nine-fifteen I heard what sounded like a herd of people coming down the hallway. When the door opened, I was stunned.

"Surprised?" asked Catherine, matter-of-factly.

Behind Catherine walked the most sumptuous piece of female meat I'd ever seen; young, big in the right places, and a cunt you'd give your left nut for. Behind the girls followed a cameraman and his assistant.

"I wanted to make a porno movie right here," announced Catherine, "so I brought a couple of friends along."

I didn't know if I was ready for this, but feeling my cock swell at the thought of rolling on the floor with Catherine's friend removed all thoughts of copping out.

After setting up a few lights and getting ready with the cameras, the filmmaker simply said, "If it's good we can all make a few bucks."

"He's a professional," said Catherine, and pointing to her busty companion, continued, "so is she!"

As Catherine's friend unbuttoned her blouse, at least 40 inches of whopping tits swayed easily from side to side. I was just about ready to jump on her when the cameraman signaled me to wait a moment.

Catherine spread-eagled across the long table, opening the slit of her red pussy for big mama's mouth. The camera focused on Catherine's friend. Oh so slowly, she opened her mouth, bringing her head down to Catherine's waiting cunt. Her long tongue slithered in and out of Catherine, giving the camera plenty of time to focus right on the action.

Pink tongue meshed with pink pussy. Catherine arched her head back opening her mouth. Assuming that was my signal to complement her opening with my prick, I moved around, but again was signaled off by the assistant. Unhappy at first, I soon found great joy in my part.

Catherine's friend was carefully spreading her legs, letting those gorgeous cheeks reveal my first entrance. The camera assistant handed me a bottle of cooking oil and whispered, "Use it."

Sloshing my cock with the stuff I

slipped right in. Pushing in and out I hardly noticed that the camera was now up close right on my cock. Grabbing both cheeks I let my cock ride deep into the chocolate speedway.

"It's free-for-all time!" yelled the assistant. "Use the oil." Before I knew it, my cock stood in midair as the two crazy broads began fighting to lick my balls and suck me off. I grabbed the bottle of oil and poured it over all of us.

Pulling me down to the floor, Catherine and her friend massaged each other and me all over, evenly spreading the slippery oil. I found myself on top of Catherine's big titted friend. I slipped my cock in and began humping like never before. Meanwhile Catherine spread her oily cunt right over her friend's face, letting me rim her asshole like I did the night before.

Underneath Catherine's cunt, I could see the fast moving tongue of her friend. The sight and smell of all this flesh kept me fucking at an incredibly rapid pace.

Catherine's face was pressed into the floor, her hands fluttering up and down as her friend continued eating away. It was apparently time for a crowd now as the camera assistant joined the threesome by getting his cock into Catherine's empty mouth. He had shaved all his pubic hair and I was getting even more turned on watching Catherine's tongue run across his cleanly shaven pubic area.

I came at least three times during this marathon. We didn't even stop while the cameraman reloaded his film. And every time I came, I had at least one of the two beauties lick me clean as a whistle.

By the time the cameraman ran out of film we had all just about run out of energy. Having become such close friends, we decided to go out for a few drinks that night.

After several hours of laughing and joking at Catherine's favorite bar, her friends decided to call it a night and go home.

I told Catherine about the work I had done on my own but she insisted that there was plenty more viewing to do. Catherine confessed that she had done some private viewing on her own too and after taking off her glasses, looked me in the eye and said, "Can I tell you why I really took this job?"

Before I could say I really didn't have the time for an involved conversation, she continued, "You know, my problem has always been that I've never had enough imagination, so I wanted to see what goes on in these films. Then I wanted someone to try everything with. And that's where you came in."

Incredible, I thought. My lucky star was shining. I told her there was a hell of a lot she hadn't seen, but before I could (Please turn page)

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continue, she made me an offer I couldn't refuse.

"I saw something yesterday I really wanted to try but we'll have to go to my apartment, if that's okay."

The next thing I knew both of us were lying stark naked on her sofa bed. Catherine got up, went to the kitchen and returned with a small tray with several ice cubes on it.

"You know," she explained, "these films are very educational!"

Catherine lay down next to me and in a half shuttering tone, asked me to massage her with the ice. "I know it's going to hurt me a little but I want to feel the icy sting. Please make me feel it?"

I took a large cube from the tray and scraped it up and down her quivering belly, watching her wince from the initial shock. Then I moved the ice over her large tits, getting closer to her thick nipples which were standing tall with excitement. As I pressed the ice down on her left tit she began to moan and breathe hard.

After only a few minutes she was writhing and swaying, almost trying to get away. But she continued to become more and more aroused. Grabbing another cube, I began scraping it across the inside of her thighs. Catherine's legs lifted off the bed, but I held her down as I prepared to stuff her warm pussy with the frozen cube.

I rolled the ice over her red bush, letting the cold melting water trickle down the crack of her inviting cunt.

"Oh, please! Stuff it in me. Please push it all the way," she moaned.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OLDER WOMAN

(Continued from page 39)

what the hell I was going to do without that lovely cock of his three times a week!

Well, evidently there was a small platoon of guys waiting to take over as soon as Robby had left. They seemed to know, somehow, that we had been making it all that time and weren't about to let me become a celibate. If I were more prudish or enjoyed sex less, I suppose I could have been ashamed or gotten mad about the publicity our sessions seemed to have gotten, but, of course, I wasn't very upset. Just as long as they had cocks.

And then came the incredible realization—not all cocks were the same! Over the next few months I made it with just about everybody in that platoon, maybe 20 guys. And the more I fucked, the more there were suddenly standing in line. But some of them had cocks that made Robby's look like a

I decided that she needed a little more before I complied with her wish. Grabbing a fresh cube, I placed it on her belly and simply left it there. Being one of the most sensitive areas of the body, it was all she could do to keep from jumping off the bed. The stinging pain was increasing and Catherine began to beg madly for me to take it off. Her fury was growing by the second. Finally, hardly able to resist the excitement myself, I brushed it away, grabbed another cube, and pushed it all the way inside her pussy. Next thing, I got right down there, and ate one of the best frozen cunts I've ever had.

Her orgasm was violent as she lurched and pushed with her pelvis. At the end she lay resting in her own sweat, a very satisfied piece of meat.

Catherine smiled as she pushed several wet strands of red hair out of her face. She lifted her head slightly, put her hand on mine and said, "Maybe we should get some sleep. We still have a lot more films to watch. I have a lot of dull years to make up for."

Catherine and I finally completed our work at the film library. We see each other now and then and occasionally have some incredible nights together. Her imagination doesn't need any more films to be spurred on.

Well, based on the service these films performed for my matronly partner, you can guess what my report said concerning their distribution in this country.

I, for one, found that they can be very, very educational!

joke—seven, eight, even nine inches long. And I quickly discovered that a nine-inch cock was an absolutely beautiful thing to have in my cunt, at least 10 times better than Robby's paltry four-incher.

So, by age 17, I became a connoisseur—nothing under eight inches for this cunt! I wanted to feel that rock hardness pushing all the way at the back of my channel, let the hot semen spew down as far as it could go. I wanted to be pounded into the sheets, and those eight-inches happily complied.

It wasn't as easy sucking on my new boyfriends. Robby's cock had been barely a mouthful, theirs were full meals. But with a little practice, I even learned how to get down all of Big Jim, who had a 10-incher (which, unfortunately, was almost as thin as a goddamn pencil). And as my experience grew, so did my reputation. I could have my pick of all the guys around.

There was only one problem I had to contend with. Even the guys with the biggest pricks sometimes came as soon as they were inside me. They all apologized a lot, but it didn't make my

sweet little cunt any happier when it just started to get warmed up and had to lay there, unused, while my "stud" zipped up and walked off. It was goddamn frustrating!

That's when I started to look around for some guys who knew what the hell to do with their big cocks. And I discovered Jim.

Jim was about 25 when I first met him, all blond curls, blue eyes and muscle-on-muscle. And he was a marvelously well-hung Adonis, too; something like 10, fat inches of cock, sculpted like a real god's. We didn't waste much time on preliminaries the first night we went out. I had grown a bit since those initial forays after forbidden fruit four years before. My bust was now a full, rounded set of lushness—38 inches, all of which loved to be kissed and fondled whenever possible. I had an almost nonexistent waist, long, sleek legs that I liked to keep well-tanned and a tight little ass that finally, after years of practice, wiggled seductively when I walked.

The first night I went out with Jim, I did everything I could to draw his attention to those obvious attributes. I wore a short but clingy skirt that came a few inches above the knee (a little daring then, believe me) and a low-cut top that clung to my tits and really showed them off. I let my long black hair loose, so it could fall down over my shoulders and breasts.

I must have done something right, because both of us made it rather apparent at the beginning of the evening that we wanted it all to end up in bed. And it did, marvelously. I must add. Jim brought me back to his apartment and gave me a filmy negligee to crawl into. And when I strolled out of the bathroom in that black lace sex-dress, his eyes nearly bugged out. Even that dynamite outfit I wore earlier hadn't prepared him for the real goodies. Meanwhile, he had stirred down to a tight pair of underwear that really showed off his body, too, especially the huge bulge that kept getting bigger every time I took another step.

We went right to the bedroom, and within seconds his tongue was deep into my throat, his hands lustily kneading my nipples, making them stand almost straight up in the air. I hadn't felt so hot and bothered in years and didn't want to spend a lot of time on the preliminaries, so I tore off his pants. Jesus, Lord of God, that was the sweetest, biggest fucking cock I had seen, and I just let my smiling mouth take it all down in a gulp. I could hear Jim pull in his breath as my tongue played with the tip, occasionally letting the whole length slide slowly down my throat. He buried his head in my cunt and returned the favor, his long tongue

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sending shivers of delight right down to my toes as he nibbled and sucked on my clit, gorging himself on my cunt juices. Without a word, he knew when we were both ready and turned me over on my stomach, sliding that beautiful cock all the way into my sweaty vagina with a single, hard thrust that nearly sent me through the headboard. But I wanted that thrust and more; the harder the better. I wanted that cock to keep going into my cunt for hours without stopping.

And it did and it did. I must have come 15 times in the next two hours. We kept changing every few minutes to a new position, some of them so wild and exciting I wondered why nobody else had ever tried them with me. Finally, as I lay on my back with my legs draped over his shoulders, he slid that cock into me faster and faster. We both lay in our own pools of sweat while he pumped again and again until I felt gallons of his sperm shoot into me, and I came for the last time. Even after that, he didn't take that luscious cock out. All six inches of its softness now lay inside me, gently working back and forth, making one of the nicer "after-fucks" I'd ever had.

Fucking like that, I knew from experience, just wasn't going to come along every day, so I took advantage of Jim whenever I could. And finally, just before my 19th birthday, he asked me to marry him. I couldn't think of any reason why not, but I could think of 10 inches of marvelous reasons why I shouldn't hesitate. One month later we were married.

The first five years of that marriage have got to go down in history as the steamiest period of orgasms in the history of the human race. Jim was usually hot to make it two or three times a day and four or five on Sundays—morning, noon and night—and I was certainly ready to accommodate. We tried anything and everything, from anal sex (both of us) to bondage—ropes, chains, whatever—sado-masochism, every mechanical device on the market and a few erotic inventions of our own. And we got it on everywhere; there are still a few tollbooth attendants who remember me giving Jim head as our car slid through the pay booth!

But that was only for five years. Then the loving started to decrease, in both intensity and frequency. I've tried a number of times to figure out why. All the normal reasons were there—general boredom eventually seeps in, lack of variety even with all our experimentation, Jim's added work schedule, my work, a lot of other factors. But whatever the real reason, within another year, our sixth, I was lucky if I got a good session in the bedroom once or twice a week. Which didn't exactly do our marriage any good, especially since

that whole experience with the ring and all was just an excuse for constantly good sex.

So, by the time I hit 25, I was divorced and hungrier than hell for some good loving. A lot of good loving, in fact. Marriage taught me that a guy wouldn't necessarily keep it up all the time, but if you stayed with them for just a few years, it could be great. I made it a point not to forget that lesson.

For a while, things worked out fairly well. I was only 25, not exactly an old bag yet! And I had kept my figure—if anything, I had added an inch or two to my already robust chest and made my tummy almost as flat as that proverbial board. I was still a stunner in a bikini, only now I wore a lot less than when I had gone to the beach with Jim. Without him around to be jealous, I made it a point to accentuate those boobs and my legs by wearing as little as possible. The almost constant stares made me sure I hadn't wasted the 50 dollars I spent for a postage stamp-sized suit at the best department store in town.

But the life of a divorcee wasn't all it's sometimes cracked up to be. Given that body and my extremely healthy appetite for good fucking and sucking, I was fair game for every stud that came along. Only most of them always turned out to be married. I didn't exactly mind from any moral standpoint, but it meant the bed was empty a lot at night—when you really tend to get the loneliest. As much as I was afraid of marriage again, I realized after a few months of sleeping around that I probably would have to start looking for another husband.

But this time I resolved to do things differently. I went for the money and position, figuring I could always manage to find the sex somewhere else. And I got luckier than I expected. I found Bob Clayton, a millionaire, good-looking, well-hung and only 47. Still young enough to get it up once in a while but rich enough so that the lost sex wasn't hard for me to replace.

Bob and I managed to stay more or less happily married for nearly 20 years. He died last year, though, leaving me ridiculously wealthy but lonely. During those years, our sex life was barely adequate, but he turned out not to have a jealous bone in his body and let me take on lovers whenever I needed their cocks to keep me sane.

But his death did leave a gaping hole that was hard to fill. It also made me realize, maybe for the first time, that I was really getting old. The whole time we were married, especially because of the large age difference, I was never really aware of the encroachments advancing age was making on my face and figure. I never really considered my own mortality. But Bob's death changed all

that. With a little shock, I realized I was getting on in years. Oh, I wasn't nearly ready for grandmotherly shoes yet, my figure was firm enough to bring an occasional leer from an aging Lothario, but 45 is 45. Middle-aged, and all that.

I must have realized all this unconsciously, because in the last two or three years before Bob's death I tended to go for younger and younger men. After the funeral, I went even younger. Twenty-five was already old as far as I was concerned.

Now, five years later, I am happy to report that young lovers are really rejuvenating these old bones. Because of the trappings of wealth I've enjoyed for so long, any young guy is usually more than ready to give me a tumble; besides, I'm still good-looking enough to rate it! And my repewed sex life has really helped keep me younger, at least in heart.

Although I tended to fuck a lot less during my second marriage than during my first decade of love consciousness, since Bob's death I've returned to my old verve.

When I finally decided at age 46 to get my sex life back together, I put an ad in an underground newspaper and a more discreet one in a couple of the dailies, along the lines of "Still young-at-heart middle-aged widow with skads of money wants young male companions to help her spend it and keep her happy and her body young." Subtle enough, but the studs would know there was a rich broad looking for a good cock!

The answers were amazing. Hundreds of people applied for the "position"—some of them even named their preferred positions in their letters! I finally picked three guys who sounded the most interesting—Bob, 19 (10 1/2"), Jake, 22 (11") and Rudy, 23, black (13"!). I set up appointments at half-hour intervals for all three on the same evening.

Bob was the first to arrive. I had been drawn to his picture immediately because of the tight-muscled build of his beach-boy body. In person, he looked even better. He seemed a little surprised to find a still good-looking lady advertising for young studs, but it was a happy kind of surprise. We made small talk for a few minutes, and then I excused myself. It was time to set the scene for the rest of the evening and get down to the real business at hand.

When I re-entered the room, Bob's eyes nearly fell out of his head. I had put on a sheer, light green nightie that really showed off all of the charms I was still proud of. I knew in an instant that I turned him right on—a hell of a nice compliment. So strolling over, making sure that every part moved as seductively as possible, I sat on his lap and let my tongue play with his ear, his neck and

then disappear into his hot mouth. I could feel his monster erection under his jeans and started to get a little hot myself, so I got off, knelt on the floor, unzipped the trembling pants and just let the entire luscious morsel disappear down my throat. He was not ready for it, but he sure as hell appreciated the artistry that all of those years had taught me!

We nearly ran into the bedroom, and he started covering my tits with kisses as his fingers drifted in and out of my already sweaty cunt. I kept stroking that marvelous organ of his the whole time, until it nearly yelled for release. I pushed him off, laid him gently on his back and straddled him. My eager cunt wrapped itself tightly around the shaft, and within a couple of strokes, took the whole thing deep inside of it. Bob might have been young, but he sure knew what he was doing. Fifteen minutes later we were both howling with delight but neither one of us wanted it to end . . . so it didn't.

Just then, of course, Jake showed up. I heard him shuffling around in the living room, wondering where everybody was, especially since Bob's clothes were lying all over the divan. So I called to him and told him to come into the bedroom and join the party.

Well, his eyes nearly bugged out, too, when he wandered in, but his surprise didn't stop him from undressing in nearly record time and revealing an already hot cock looking for some place to go. I slid off Bob, turned around and shoved him up my ass, then had Jake stand in front of me so I could swallow his gorgeous joint. His hands squeezed and pulled at my nipples as he shoved that monster deep down my throat while Bob's groans were coming from behind, as it were! We managed to stay in that position, evidently, for about a half hour, because before we knew it, Rudy had shown up. He, too, showed a little surprise but absolutely no qualms about joining a party already in progress. And when his incredible monster flew out of his jeans, already purple with desire, I knew we were in for one hell of a night to remember.

I gave Bob and Jake a rest, since both had been going for so long, in order to get better acquainted with that 13-inch dick. I let it slide as far down my throat as I could, and still there were nearly three inches outside. I knew that one of my goals was going to be to swallow that goddamn monster before I died!

Bob, meanwhile, had washed the shit off his cock, evidently ready for more succulent pleasures, so I laid Rudy on his back and shoved that marvelous cock deep into my vagina. Then I let Jake take my asshole. Bob, who had performed so admirably for so long, got the pleasure of just shoving in and out of my saliva-thick

(Continued on next page)

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throat. After another fifteen minutes, I knew that I just couldn't orgasm much more without at least a break in between. So I let go of Bob's cock and smiled, telling everyone that it was time for the biggest simultaneous come in the world. They all shouted encouragement and we plugged away for another few minutes. With a shout, Bob shot his load down my throat while I went through orgasms Number 103, 104 and halfway through 105! Then I felt the hot spunk of Jake fill my asshole, just as Rudy shot the biggest load of all deep into my cunt. I kept pumping away on all three until every drop was gone, then took Jake's cock, then Rudy's, into my mouth to let them savor the come. Then we all collapsed on the bed.

A little more than four years, and we rarely leave that bed! All three of my boys have moved in. Oh, they all have a certain line of work that they still

manage to pursue—sometimes—but I'm more than generous. So there's really no need for them to do anything but sit around the pool or fuck! I also realized that if I forced them to be "faithful" I'd probably lose them, so we've managed to add a couple of guys and six new girls to the stable over the past four years, all of them rangingly bisexual, just to keep everybody happy.

And you know, I think I figured out once that we have something like 1,354,576,890 possible combinations that we could use in the bedrooms with all those people. And we fully intend to try every single one of them.

With young studs for hire and my own insatiable sex needs, there's sure no reason in hell for me to mind being over 50! I'm laid better now than ever before.

As the television always remarks, try it, you'll like it . . . just so long as you can afford it!

EXERCISE CLASS

(Continued from page 53)

Besides, Ted ought to do an erotic film documentary instead of those dull industrial films of power plants, etc.

Ted got such an erection from Barbie's tale that he ran to the john to masturbate so he could then concentrate on what to do for proof. Finally, a plan worthy of the C.I.A. was evolved. Ted hired some people to bug the clinic for film and sound. It took a week before the spying devices were successfully planted so that we could watch everything in Ted's projection room. Ted said it better be worth it for the money he had spent.

We bugged the main room where the "class" assembled. All Barbie had to do was to snap on a particular lamp which would set off the highly-complex electronic equipment.

At noon on Monday we were ready. Ted and I were in the projection room waiting for Barbie to flick on the lamp. Naturally, she had "volunteered" to continue her classes. This is what we recorded on film and tape.

The "exercise" room was like a large dance studio with bars around all the walls. And huge mirrors. The only difference was the floor; it was covered with king-size mattresses of solid colors, black, red, yellow, etc.

The door opened and sixteen beautiful women, including Barbie, entered. There were four male instructors: Charlie and Alvin, the owners and two others, Jackson and Avery. Avery was a massive, stocky black man. The men only wore bikini briefs and the outlines of their penises were very large.

The women were fully clothed in jeans and wedgies or dresses and boots. After

bright hellos were exchanged, music began to play from the speakers. This seemed to signal the women to form pairs of two. I watched in stunned silence as the ladies began to undress each other. Barbie's jersey was pulled over her head by a gorgeous, long-haired blonde girl. When she placed a hand on Barbie's bra and squeezed, Ted and I groaned in unison.

The instructors walked among the girls, murmuring words we couldn't pick up, but their actions sufficed. Eight male hands stroked bellies, hair and backs of all the women. The clothes were gathered up and taken into another room. There wasn't one overweight naked body in the crowd, but there were lots of over-weight breasts! Charlie then announced, "We'll be with the tongue limbering exercise."

I didn't know who to watch. A lovely redhead turned to a Spanish-looking girl and both girls licked the tips of each other's tongues. I'll call the Spanish-looking girl Elena for the sake of identification. Her hair was jet black, her skin pale white and her long, slender legs were covered with hair!

Ted cursed aloud and I saw Barbie's tongue licking the chin and neck of the gorgeous blonde. Other tongues darted inside ears, sucked on ear lobes, but moved no lower than the neck. It was a horny sight!

After ten scorching minutes of this, the other partner, Alvin, called for "the breast massage exercise." The women lay down on the mattresses and still in pairs of twos, caressed, squeezed and kneaded thirty-two tits of all sizes and shapes! Suddenly, I lost my erection! Everything seemed too ritualized; true, it was erotic to see sixteen naked women doing each other, but there was a lack of

spontaneity. I began making notes until Ted exclaimed, "My God!"

I got my erection back! The women had paired off in larger groups. I locked in on Barbie. She was with the beautiful blonde, the redhead and the sultry Elena! Though this may have also been ritualistic, my cock approved it! The blonde was on her back with her knees up and spread apart! Barbie and the redhead had the blonde's cheesy feet in their mouths and were sucking each toe, singly and together! I'd never seen such a toe fetish. Elena, however, was leaning over the blonde's vagina from the side, gently licking pubic hair and the inside of those thighs.

The instructor pulled off their briefs and four of the largest penises these eyes had ever seen sprung forth! "Oh, no!" Ted groaned. Avery, he of the black persuasion, joined Barbie's quartet. Both Barbie and the redhead stopped the toe-sucking as Avery stepped in between Barbie's spread legs. Elena moved her mouth to the blonde's lovely breasts. Avery stood quietly, looking down at the blonde. Then Barbie and the redhead rose to their knees and began touching the man's enormous black balls and buttocks. His ebony cock looked like a space missile and when Barbie gently stuffed one of his huge balls into her mouth, Ted and I groaned in unison again.

"Still want to marry Little Miss Innocence, Ted?" No answer.

The black prick disappeared into the redhead's mouth. Elena now squatted her cunt on the blonde's lovely face, which soon became covered with Spanish secretions. The redhead opened her mouth and Barbie grabbed the black prick and swallowed it! Her thin, tiny white fingers probed at the mighty black's asshole.

"Barbie's certainly going all out for our story," I offered. Ted didn't reply. Then came a surprise. I had expected Avery to ultimately fuck the blonde, but he knelt down behind Elena and guided her shapely behind up to his cock. Barbie placed some pillows under the blonde's head so she could continue to lick Elena's vagina and Avery's big, black balls. The redhead went down on the blonde's wet box. Avery then pushed Barbie's face into Elena's behind and Barbie began to fill the Spanish asshole with spit! No jellies for these women. When Barbie finished, Avery slid his long, black cock into Elena's rectum like a knife going through butter! He began to fuck the quivering behind!

I wrenched my eyes away to look elsewhere. Charlie was on his back. A pretty, black girl was sitting on his cock, setting her own fuck tempo. A brunette was squatting on his face, while at the

(Please turn page)

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same time she massaged the black girl's large breasts! A third woman, an extremely attractive, grey-haired lady was fondling and licking the other three. She'd suck the brunette's tits, the black girl's mouth or grip whatever was available of Charlie's cock going up the black vagina!

Charlie's partner, Alvin, was also very busy. He was on his side, his head lodged between the cunt of a beautiful, young girl with very short blonde hair. And she was sucking his joint like it was an addictive drug! A second woman, an attractive thirtyish female with white streaks in her brown hair, was also on her side; she was sucking the blonde's asshole! Every few seconds, Alvin would pause to stick his fingers in the blonde's wet pussy; he'd pull them out covered with secretion and let the woman with the two-toned hair suck them dry! A third woman, a tiny, dark-haired girl, was forcing her extremely large boobs into Alvin's ass crack.

The fourth instructor, Jackson, was sitting in a strange chair; the bottom was open! This meant his behind was also open for perverted use! A lovely fashion model type was sitting on his lap being fucked quietly. One of Jackson's hands covered her breasts; his other pulled her legs wide open so that another woman could suck on her vagina. Need I mention where a third lady was? She was un-

derneath the chair, her tongue and face burrowed in the instructor's behind!

"These exercises are difficult to describe, Ted," I remarked. No answer.

Now it was cum time! Avery, who was still ramming his black cock inside Elena's bucking behind, stiffened! His hot cum splashed inside the senorita's bunghole like a rainstorm! When he pulled out, Elena moved her behind on top of the lovely blonde's face! The cum dribbled out into the blonde's mouth and Barbie kissed her lips furiously to get some of it! The redhead and Elena's face continued to mouth away at the blonde's vagina.

Charlie exploded his semen up the black girl's pussy! She quickly got off and lay down on her back so that the other two girls could lick her pussy and suck out the hot semen inside her!

Jackson, the fourth instructor, ejaculated his sticky load up the fashion model's vagina! He got up from the chair and the model sat down so that Jackson's load could drip into the waiting mouth of the girl underneath the chair. The third girl was finger fucking herself!

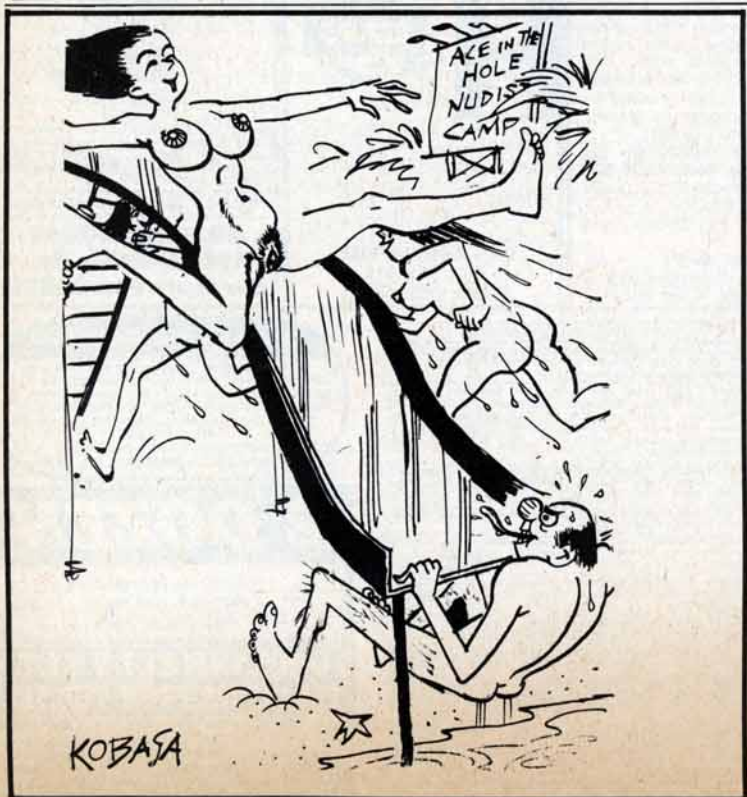
Throughout this frantic activity three other lovely women had not yet participated. All they did was watch and drink large quantities of water, beer and wine. Suddenly, they made their presence known and how! The three women and the four instructors gathered all the women together into one large mass of sprawling, naked bodies. Then, to my utter shock amazement, the seven people began to urinate over everyone, including my sweet, innocent cousin!

Ted seemed to be dazed as urine splashed over all the beautiful bodies. When Barbie rose to her knees in front of Avery's pissing, black prick, Ted almost fainted—especially when Barbie allowed some piss to shoot down her throat! This incredible scene triggered off everyone else's bladder and a sea of golden water brought forth an unbelievable series of female climaxes! It was there that the spy equipment broke down.

The sound was still on and the last thing we recorded was Charlie saying, "Don't forget to weigh yourselves on the scale before you leave." I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

That's the story of the newest rage in exercise classes. As for Barbie, I can't take a leak without seeing her face waiting to be splashed on. I'm more shocked at her than at the clinic. Ted, unfortunately, moved his company to Indiana where he's trying to recover his sanity.

Meanwhile, if any of your sweethearts seem preoccupied going to exercise class, maybe you better check out the place, just in case



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